Vol. CXLI. No. 1834.

Fit "TripleX" -and be safe ALVIS do

THE BYSTANDER February 8, 1939.

The BYSTANDER

"Snow Holiday" : Hollywood Visit

Stage : Society : Ballet : Gardening

1/-

BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

PARIPAN
ENAMEL

"The more you wash it the better it looks."
BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE
PARIPAN LIMITED, LONDON.

For INFLUENZA & COLDS
1/3 & 3/- IN POWDER OR TABLET FORM
Cephos
Pronounced See-foss REG.
THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY
Sold by all Chemists & Stores
is safe and certain

BOLLINGER CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to The Late KING GEORGE V

SPINK Est. 1772
cash buyers of . . .
FINE JEWELS · DIAMONDS
ANTIQUE & MODERN SILVER
5,6 & 7 KING ST., ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1.
TELEPHONE: WHITEHALL 5275

Delicious with Milk
LEMON HART RUM
FAMOUS SINCE 1804

By Appointment to the late King George V.
Charles Heidsieck
Champagne · Reims
1928 VINTAGE
FINEST QUALITY EXTRA DRY

OLD BRANDY . . .
MARTELL
CORDON BLEU • CORDON ARGENT • EXTRA
35 - 60 - 70 years before bottling

PRICE ONE SHILLING : By Inland Post 1s. 1d. OFFICES—LONDON : 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4. PARIS : 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris viii. Regd. at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

February 8—February 14

THEATRES

Straight Plays

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Athene Seyler as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's new-style triangle makes bright entertainment, not entirely satisfying; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

GAS LIGHT.—An excellent psychological thriller; Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as Dennis Arundell's tortured wife, Milton Rosmer to the rescue: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Donald Wolfit, Walter Hudd: St. James', 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Peggy Bryan, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.—The acting, led by Wilfrid Lawson, Ruth Dunning and Leon Lion, is good, the story mediocre: Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.—A polished and distinguished production of Wilde, with John Gielgud as Worthing, Edith Evans as Lady Bracknell, Margaret Rutherford as Miss Prism: Globe, matinées, Feb. 13th, 14th.

LITTLE LADYSHIP.—Lilli Palmer and Cecil Parker in a story of young wife and old husband: Strand, 8.30.

NORA.—Slightly altered version of *The Doll's House* with Lucie Mannheim and Marius Goring: Duke of York's, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

NUMBER SIX.—Gordon Harker, Franklyn Dyall, Rosalyn Boulter in an Edgar Wallace thriller: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of a refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.—George Benson as Tony Lumpkin, Ursula Jeans, Edward Chapman, Margaret Yarde; swift production by Guthrie: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THEY WALK ALONE.—A play with obvious faults provides nevertheless melodramatic thrills by Beatrix Lehmann as a homicidal maid: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability, outraged by Diana Churchill: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

UNDER SUSPICION.—Walter FitzGerald and Patricia Hilliard head the cast in a new thriller: Playhouse, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

'PHONE REGent 6000
for your Theatre Seats
KEITH PROWSE
& Co., Ltd
159 New Bond St., W.1 & Branches everywhere
YOU want Best Seats WE have them

THE WESTERN CHAMBER.—S. I. Hsiung's new play is from the thirteenth-century Chinese: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *soufflé* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by a strong cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

WORTH A MILLION.—A farce with Ruby Miller, Edmund Gwenn, Claude Hulbert: Saville, 8.30.

With Music

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.—Fay Compton as boy, G. S. Melvin as dame, in Tom Arnold's panto.: Drury Lane, 7.45. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.0.

AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY.—The Farjeons' musical play is charming, witty and elegant, with music picked from Mozart and contemporaries; Irene Eisinger, Frederick Ranalow: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MAGYAR MELODY.—An efficient supply of Continental romance in old-world Hungary from Binnie Hale, Roger Treville: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mr. Rouchdy Tarfa

Has been appointed director of the Egypt Information Bureau in Regent Street, in accordance with his Government's policy of filling foreign posts with Egyptians. He is the son of a colonel in the Egyptian Army, was educated in English and French colleges in his country

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.—Anne Leslie and Nancy Fraser as girl and boy, Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose as comics: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 115.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9), and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

CINEMAS

ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES (American).—James Cagney and Pat O'Brien in a fine, fresh old-style thriller: Warner.

THE CITADEL (British).—Prize-winning film of Cronin's novel has Robert Donat and Rosalind Russell as the doctor and his wife: Empire.

CONFLIT (French).—Corinne Luchaire and Annie Ducaux in a story of sisters at war: Carlton.

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY (American).—Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon in a straightforward boy-meets-girl story: Gaumont.

EDUCATION DE PRINCE (French).—Strong cast headed by Louis Jouvet, Elvire Popesco, Robert Lynen, in a Ruritanian satire: Curzon.

THE MIKADO (British).—Geoffrey Toye's film is faithful—too faithful—to the Gilbert and Sullivan stage standard; magnificent technicolour: Leicester Square.

OLD BONES OF THE RIVER (British).—Will Hay's newest film, with Graham Moffatt, is a take-off of Edgar Wallace's Sanders: New Gallery.

THE PATRIOT (French).—Harry Baur, Pierre Renoir, Suzy Prim in the Jannings' film story about Tsar Paul I. re-made: Studio One.

QUAI DES BRUMES (French).—A sombre and gripping drama of the lower world; Jean Gabin as a deserter, Michèle Morgan a lost girl: Academy.

STOLEN LIFE (British).—A lovely, romantic film, delicately photographed and well acted by Elisabeth Bergner and Michael Redgrave: Plaza.

SUBMARINE PATROL (American).—Richard Greene and Nancy Kelly in this: Regal.

THE WARE CASE (British).—Clive Brooke, Jane Baxter, Barry Barnes in the film of the Du Maurier play: Odeon.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

VALKYRIE.—To-night, 8th, 7.15.

SLEEPING PRINCESS.—Thurs., 9th, 8.30.

IL TROVATORE.—Fri., 10th, 8.

SNOW MAIDEN.—Sat., 11th, 2.30.

MADAM BUTTERFLY.—Sat., 11th, 8.

IL TROVATORE.—Tues., 14th, 8.

MUSIC

B.B.C. CONCERT.—Boult conducts the Orchestra and Choral Society with three soloists, in Holst's "Hymn of Jesus" and Honegger's "King David": Queen's Hall, to-night, 8th, 8.15.

R.P.O. CONCERT.—The L.P.O. under Weingartner in Bach's 3rd Brandenburger, Schubert's 5th Symphony, Brahms' "Variations on a Theme of Haydn," Beethoven's 5th Symphony: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 9th, 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—The L.P.O. in a programme to be announced: Covent Garden, Sun., 12th, 3.15.

LONDON THEATRE CONCERT.—Fritz Heinig conducts the orchestra in a Mozart programme including Violin Concerto in G (Antonio Brosa) and Piano Concerto in E flat (K. U. Schnabel): Cambridge Theatre, Sun., 12th, 8.30.

MONDAY POP.—The Kolisch Quartet in Haydn's E flat Quartet, Alban Berg's Lyric Suite: Wigmore Hall, Mon., 13th, 5.45.

and WE have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

The Bystander

Anthony

Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies in "Gas Light"

The crop of new plays for the new year has been doing well and has brought two grim thrillers with it, one with a terrifying woman *(They Walk Alone)*, one with a terrified woman. The latter is Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies in Patrick Hamilton's *Gas Light*, which opened last week at the Apollo. Hers is an overstrung part which has to carry the whole play, for there are only three characters (barring servants)—the wife who is deliberately being driven mad by the husband who is an incognito murderer, and the comfortable retired detective who saves the situation. Miss Ffrangçon-Davies handles the difficult role well, albeit querulously, and is excellently supported by Dennis Arundell and Milton Rosmer. The Victorian interior decor, now familiar, is a good specimen

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE tension has definitely eased off. Herr Hitler's speech to the opening of the Reichstag was by no means the truculent and belligerent affair that many people had feared it might be. It was rather a list of grievances than a suggestion of violent remedies, and by that amount Europe has got a breathing space. How long it will last is another matter. But it looks to me as if Herr Hitler has passed the initiative on to his colleague at the other end of the Axis. That is to say, instead of Germany fishing in troubled waters, she is to sit and wait in case Signor Mussolini cares to throw a fly. Whether that astute gentleman will accept the hint and ply his fishing-rod is another matter.

AN interesting situation has blown up in the United States over the sale of American aeroplanes to France. A short time ago a bombing aeroplane of the Douglas Company crashed near Los Angeles while it was being tested, and it has now been disclosed that a representative of the French Air Ministry was on board. Anxious enquiries then got the official answer from Washington that France is going to buy aeroplanes up to the value of thirteen million pounds. The American Army and Navy sprang to arms, so to speak, indignantly. They wanted the aeroplanes themselves. But the President takes a different view, and it seems that he is using all his weight to accelerate the sale. This once again shows that the President's strong words about democracy and totalitarianism are not words only.

IN a grim and gloomy world, President Roosevelt is one of the few bright spots. If the American aircraft industry, with its skilled engineers and its mass-production, is thrown into the scales on the side of the Democracies, it will make an incalculable difference in a very short time. It is interesting to notice how very thin and small are the voices of the American Isolationists. A year ago they would have bounced into the arena with a fanfaronade of Middle Western trumpets. To-day they make hardly more noise than the gentle, piping reflections of Ferdinand the Bull.

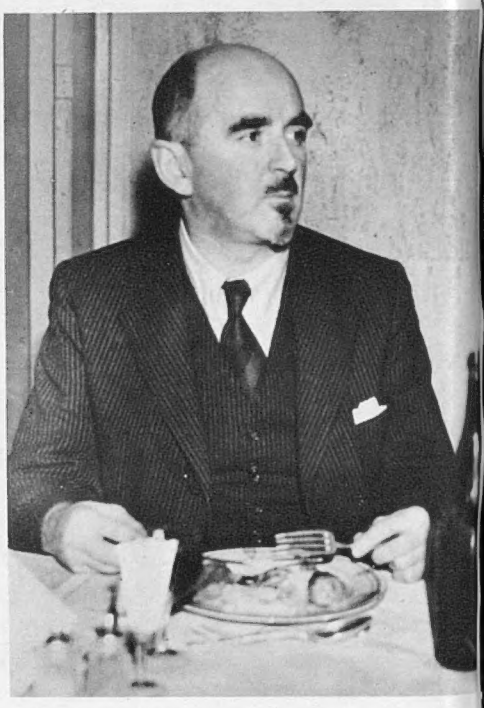
IN the meanwhile, the arming of this country goes on, and Ministers from time to time announce this or that increase in various types of weapon. But when you analyse their statements, you always find that on some essential point they are carefully vague. Thus, when the First Lord of the Admiralty was talking about the increase of the Navy, he gave a formidable list of ships that are being built or are "projected." But he did not say how many of them are actually being built and how many are projected. The word "projected" I take to mean that at the moment they are not so much upon the high seas as nestling in the brain of a naval architect. In just the same way, Ministers tell us that the rate of production of aeroplanes has been quadrupled, but they are very careful indeed not to tell us how many they are actually producing per month, nor to tell us from what figure the quadruplication is reckoned from. As for anti-aircraft guns, the whole thing is wrapped in the darkest obscurity.

TALKING of anti-aircraft guns brings me to another point. When a shell goes up in the air and bursts, the fragments do not remain up in the air. They come down, often quite hard. If the worst comes to the worst, and the enemy raiders are over London, it will be the duty of air wardens to nip out as quickly as possible after the raid to bring help to casualties and put out fires. It is more than likely that the splinters will still be falling while these intrepid fellows are out in the open. It occurs to me that there must be scattered up and down the country many thousands of steel helmets, left over as souvenirs from the last war. It might be a good plan if these were collected and handed out to air wardens against the evil day.

GAS-MASKS are in the news again. The Home Office has announced that the complete quota of masks will be ready by the middle of this month. I cannot help noticing that the sudden activity in this direction usually coincides with an increased demand for underground shelters. It has been demonstrated over and over again that the real danger in a war will come from high explosives, and not from gas. The Government, however, refuses to do anything about dug-outs, and to cover up this refusal gets very busy about gas. In the meanwhile the trenches in the

Emir Feisal, *the Saudi Arabian Minister for Foreign Affairs, is one of the interested observers from neighbour States at the Palestine Conference. He was guarded by eight armed men on his arrival, but they could not protect him from London weather: he caught a slight chill early in his visit*

Mr. Thornton Butterworth *was a guest at last week's Foyle's "literary luncheon" at Grosvenor House, where the theme was the highly original one of "The Shape of Things to Come"*



Mr. David Low, *one of the few men to pull Lord Beaverbrook's leg, was in for Foyle's "Literary Luncheon." guests of honour, and speakers, Professor others were Dr. Julian Huxley*

parks stand forlorn and derelict. Surely with a little corrugated iron they could be covered in and the earth shovelled back, and the grass allowed to grow where now there is nothing but unsightly heaps of mud. At least they would be splinter-proof.

LAST week I enquired plaintively why the maker of sleeve-links and studs, and the diamond-setter, and the piano-varnisher are on the list of trades exempted for National Service. The answer is that the first two will be essential for the making of gun-sights, and the third is pretty hot when it comes to giving aeroplanes a final polish. So it seems that Mr. Humbert Wolfe, who presumably drew up the list, had some method in his ideas after all.

THE great drive for recruits for National Service seems to me to have been launched without proper arrangements for a follow-up. Surely Ministers ought to be stumping the country in all the big centres explaining what is wanted. The campaign started and has been left in the air, and it is no secret that, at the moment at any rate, it has not been the success that was hoped.

WHATEVER may be thought of the rights and wrongs of the Spanish conflict, there can surely not be two opinions about the action of General Franco's aeroplanes in bombing and machine-gunning the unfortunate refugees who were flying from Barcelona. Almost every reference to Spain that I have made in these pages has brought me torrents of abuse from one quarter or another, but if this reference to the bombing of the refugees brings me angry letters, then I think I shall lose my last despairing faith in human nature.

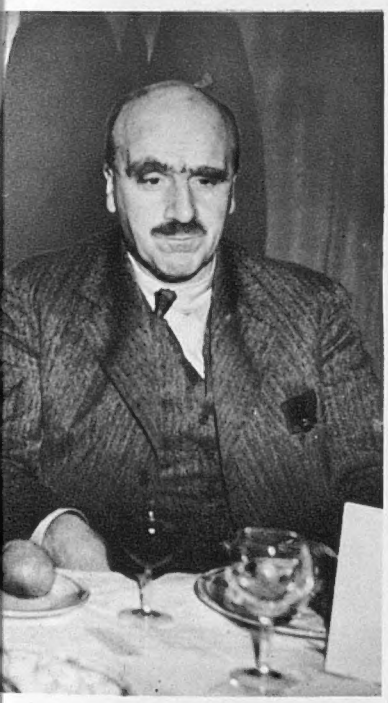
IT is not often that I make an appeal for money on these pages, but this week I have a cause that I must bring to your notice. Some time ago, seven German actors and actresses (two of whom are Jews) had to fly from Germany to Czechoslovakia because they disagreed with the Nazi regime and acted in Left-Wing plays. Now that Czechoslovakia has been destroyed, the German Government has demanded that these players should be sent back to Germany where, of course, they would be suitably dealt with. But the Czechoslovak Government has given them a few weeks in which to find asylum in England. Nine hundred pounds is urgently wanted for this purpose, and about five hundred has already been subscribed. A committee of British actors and actresses has been formed, including such names as Dame Sybil Thorndike, Dame May Whitty, Miss Edith Evans, Mr. Robert Donat, Mr. Gordon Harker, and Mr. Godfrey Tearle, to raise the money. If there are any of my readers who have had a minute's pleasure in glancing at "The Passing Hour" during the last two years, I beg of them to send even a few shillings to the Actors' Refugee Committee at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, W.C.2.

ALMOST remarkable thing has happened. The Air Ministry is actually looking for an alternative site to Braunton Great Field. It must be a record in the annals of the country for a Government Department voluntarily to give up its right to destroy something beautiful or historical. The Great Field is one of the last survivors of the Saxon system of cultivation. It was one of the Manors of Edward the Confessor, and the farming of it has always been on the basis of the ancient tenure. Its destruction would have been a crime.

THE Gate Theatre Revue is one of the wittiest shows I have seen for a long time. There are rumours that it may come to a commercial theatre later on, and if it does, it will be very interesting to see what the censor demands in the way of alterations. I rather think that some of the "doubtful" jokes are so subtle that the Lord Chamberlain's office will fail to see them.

IF there is one thing more than another which gives Americans a big laugh, it is English use of American slang. Either it is wrong or out of date. Sir Samuel Hoare's famous use of the word "jitterbug" is typical. Sir Samuel thinks it means people who are in a state of nervous panic. Actually it means people with a hysterical passion for "swing" music.

***Fascists** caused trouble when lorries with food and blankets for Spain—one driven by Lord Antrim (above)—gathered in Great Smith Street for departure. The Fascists' point of view was: "Why support aliens while Britain starves?"*



in Fleet Street who can afford the chair at Grosvenor House, Next to him sat one of the J. B. S. Haldane; the and Professor John Hilton

***M. Viorel Virgil Tilea,** the new Rumanian Minister, took up his duties in the new Legation in Belgrave Square, house-warmed during King Carol's visit by M. Tilea's predecessor, M. Basil Grigorcea. The new Minister was educated at the Universities of Bratislava, Cluj, Vienna, London*

***Dr. and Mme. Benes** left London last week for the U.S.A., where he will lecture on democracy. The former Czech President was staying with his nephew, to whom he has given the inside story of the "carve-up" for a book*

"The Sleeping Princess"—a Great Ballet Revived

Photographs by Anthony

The Vision Scene: *to Prince Charming (Robert Helpmann), who has gone hunting in the forest, appears, in a vision, the lovely Princess Aurora (Margot Fonteyn). The Lilac Fairy has released her for a few moments from her hundred years' sleep. The Prince falls in love with this vision, and together they dance their first pas de deux. Margot Fonteyn, in her long and difficult role, gives a performance of great beauty and pure classical quality*

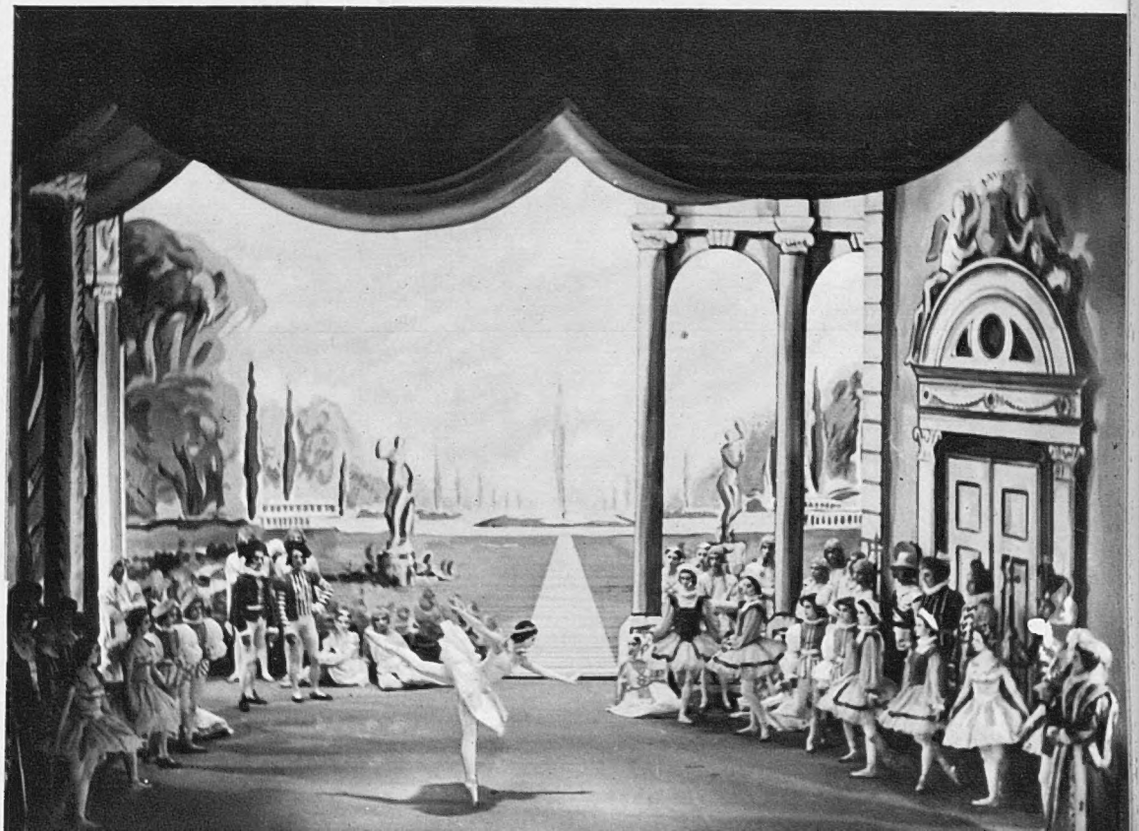
The Prologue: *Carabosse, the Wicked Fairy (John Greenwood), is told by the Lilac Fairy (June Brae) that she will change Carabosse's spell of death on the baby Princess into a spell of sleep*

The Six Fairies: *Breadcrumb, Julia Farron; Lilac, June Brae; Camellia, Pamela Nye; Violet, Mary Honer; Rose, Pamela May; Song Bird, Elizabeth Miller*

After eighteen years *The Sleeping Princess* has come back to London. To the younger generation of ballet lovers, the brief Diaghileff revival in 1921, with its incredible magnificence of dancers and decor, seems as legendary as the original Maryinsky production itself. For them the production of this most famous of all ballets at Sadler's Wells has the quality of a dream coming true. At last they can hear the lovely Tchaikowsky music, can see the astonishing wealth of dancing which that music inspired Petipa to create. The revival has been in the hands of Nikolai Sergueeff, who knew the ballet in St. Petersburg and revived it for Diaghileff. For Sadler's Wells he has gone back to the original choregraphy, as Constant Lambert has gone back to the original Tchaikowsky score. The decor and dresses are by Nadia Benois. On the morning after the gala premiere, to which Queen Mary went, it was announced the ballet would be part of the Royal Command performance in March, when the President of the French Republic and Mme. Lebrun will be guests of the King and Queen at Covent Garden. (More pictures will appear next week)

The Hunting Scene: *Lords and Ladies in Prince Charming's retinue dance in the forest. On left, is Joy Newton, who also takes the part of the Queen*

At Aurora's Wedding *is danced the famous Blue Bird pas de deux. Harold Turner and Mary Honer have danced it often before at Sadler's Wells*



The Birthday Party: *Princess Aurora dances a variation at her father's Court*

FIVE WEDDINGS

Social Register

Fayer

Mr. Stephen Player and Miss Jean Loder

Stephen Player, of Poulton, Fairford, Glos., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Player, of Whatton Manor, Nottingham, and Jean Loder, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Loder, late of Ladbroke Hall, Rugby, were married quietly at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is Master of the Craven, and the day after their wedding they went out hunting in Berkshire *(see page 212)*

Mrs. Loder and Her Children

Simon and Gillian Loder were page and bridesmaid to their sister Jean when she married Stephen Player. With them outside the church is their mother, Mrs. Hubert Loder. Her husband is an uncle of Sir Giles Loder

Fayer of Vienna

Comte de Caraman and Miss Macklin

Comte Jean de Caraman, son of the Comte and Countess de Caraman, of Courson, France, and Nada Macklin, daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. N. C. Macklin, of the Fairmile, Cobham, Surrey, were married at St. Charles', Weybridge, and have gone to Villars for their honeymoon. Her skating sister, Mia, was one of the bridesmaids

TWO ENGAGEMENTS

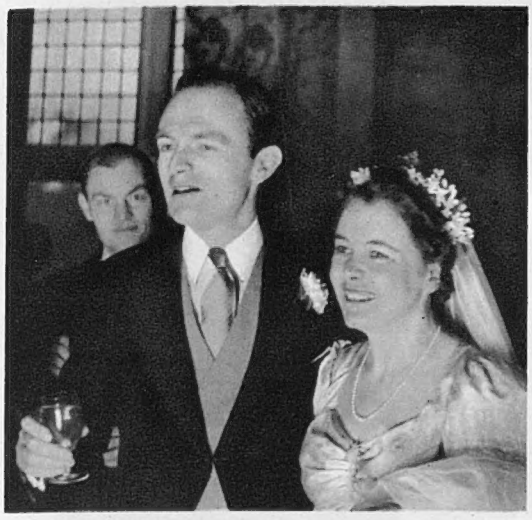
Lady Mary Lygon and Prince Vsevelode of Russia

Bassano

Mrs. Mavis Cole and Dr. Robert Wheeler

Prince Vsevelode of Russia is the son of the late Prince John Constantinovitch of Russia, and of Princess Hélène of Serbia. He and Lady Mary Lygon, the third daughter of the late Earl of Beauchamp, and sister of the present Earl, have announced their engagement. They were photographed outside the St. James's Street wine merchants where Prince Vsevelode works

Dr. Robert Wheeler is an archæologist, and has been Keeper and Secretary of the London Museum since 1926. Mrs. Mavis Cole is the widow of the late W. H. de Vere Cole, Mrs. Neville Chamberlain's brother. They announced last week that they would be married shortly



Mr. William Nicholson and Miss Diana Nelson

Left: William Reginald Nicholson, late 16th-5th Hussars, and Diana Mary Nelson had a country wedding at Brockenhurst, Hants. He is the youngest son of Mr. Reginald and Lady Margaret Nelson, of Bereleigh, East Meon, Hants. She is the only child of Major and Mrs. Charles Nelson, of Upper Fordes, Brockenhurst

Right: Robin Alexander Lyle is the second son of Sir Archibald and Lady Lyle, of Glendelvine, Murthly, Perthshire. Emmy von Gosztonyi-Kreiker is the daughter of Colonel Eugene von Gosztonyi, of Budapest, and Mrs. Heinrich von Kreiker, of 49, Lowndes Square, S.W.1. They were married at Chelsea Old Church, and are honeymooning in Paris, the Riviera, Switzerland, and Italy

Mr. Robin Lyle and Miss von Gosztonyi-Kreiker

NIGHT LIFE

First Night: Earl Poulett and Mrs. Jackson

Left: Lord Poulett in his velvet-collared cape, and Mrs. Jackson in her white fur one, were at the first night of London's newest and most gruesome thriller, "Gas Light," at the Apollo

Right: Thomas de Vautort Pomeroy, Welsh Guards, second son of Major the Hon. Ralph and Mrs. Pomeroy, and Nancy Ellen Penoyer, only daughter of the late C. Penoyer, of San Francisco, and Mrs. Louis Bruguière, of Brymore, Somerset, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Miss Nancy Penoyer and Mr. Thomas Pomeroy

Gala Premiere: Miss Graham and Mr. Thesiger

Tony Thesiger and Virginia Graham, who announced their engagement recently, were at the gala premiere of "The Sleeping Princess" at Sadler's Wells. He is the son of the Hon. Percy and Mrs. Thesiger, and she is the daughter of the late Captain Harry Graham

Supper Party: Miss Hambro and Capt. Marshall

Susan Hambro, she in silvery white with black velvet bows, and Captain Peter Marshall had a restaurant supper together last week. Restaurants were fuller than they have been for weeks—result of the lifting of suspense when Hitler's speech was over and of Governmental encouragement to be "anti-jitterbug"

Col. Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, the New Minister for Agriculture and Fisheries

Westminster Debut

A Minister and Two Members

The new Minister came "from the back benches to that extremely exposed spot" the Front Bench to make his first statement on farming policy last Wednesday, and was very well received by the House. Next day he was sworn a member of the Privy Council, and attended his first Cabinet meeting. Mr. W. S. Morrison's successor has farmed himself since 1921, has been M.P. for Petersfield, Hants., since 1935, a Knight since 1937, and was elected President of the National Farmers' Union in 1936 and again in 1937. He has just sold his Surrey farm, Dockenham Manor (where he was photographed), and has bought 160 acres near Petersfield

The New Member for West Perth and His Family

Another farmer making a Westminster debut last week was W. McNair Snadden, who defeated the Duchess of Atholl in the hard-fought snow-stormy by-election in West Perth and Kinross. His wife and two daughters, Rosemary and Veronica, went with him to Westminster. Their home is the Coldoch, near Blair Drummond, where Mr. Snadden farms 600 acres and breeds shorthorns

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Medlicott

Agriculture loomed large in Frank Medlicott's election campaign among the farmers in East Norfolk. He is a London solicitor and a Liberal National, and defeated the Labour candidate, a Norwich solicitor, by a majority 5000 votes smaller than that which gave Viscount Elmley, now Earl Beauchamp, the seat in 1935

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Design for Living" (Haymarket).

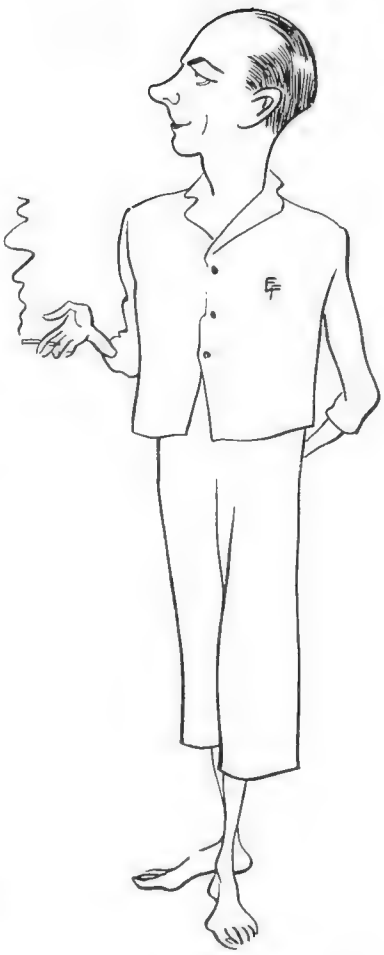
IT is unfortunate that this Noel Coward comedy, written in 1932, should have had to wait so long for production over here, being, one feels, rather for an age than for even such a fragment of all time as seven years. Had it been exhibited on birth, with the right company (say, Gertrude Lawrence, Ronald Squire, and Mr. Coward himself), and with the right producer (Mr. Coward himself again), we should no doubt have been dazzled as we demand to be dazzled by the sharp glamour of Noel's latest novelty. But, despite brilliant virtuoso passages of dialogue, it is hard to escape a feeling that Gilda (the interior decorator), Otto (the painter), and Leo (the author), are anything more than a purely post-war trio whose psychology must be more deeply probed to hold our interest to-day, and that the play stands in relation to the best drama pretty well where Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* stands in relation to the best music.

THE story leaves one with an uncomfortable feeling that it starts too late and ends too soon. We are to regard Gilda, Otto and Leo as Bohemian inseparables who cannot get along without each other; but in the first two acts we see Otto and Leo almost exclusively in a state of jealousy and antagonism, so that when, in the third act, these two old lovers break in on Gilda's respectable marriage with amiable impudences which win her heart by reviving dear old times, what Mr. Coward is doing is to revive old times with which the audience has had no previous acquaintance. So far as we are concerned Otto and Leo have suddenly become new characters. We should have seen them behaving after this fashion in happy circumstances earlier in the evening, which is what I mean when I say that the comedy starts too late.

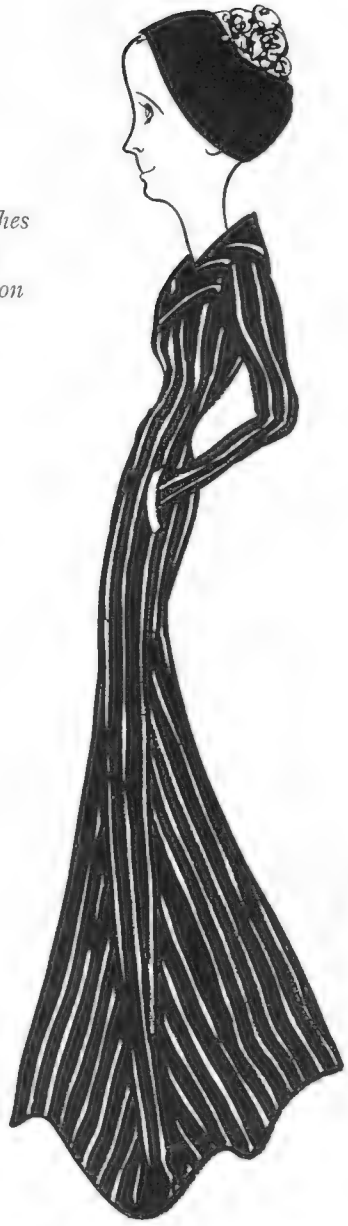
And it ends too soon because, when Gilda, having lived with Otto to the fury of Leo, and having lived with Leo to the fury of Otto, and then, having married a third party, brings down the curtain by going off to live with both Otto and Leo in a *ménage à trois*, we feel that we have just reached the really interesting part of the story. What, exactly, is the arrangement to be? Will it work? If it is turn and turn about, or even if it isn't, won't there be just as much jealousy as ever? And, whatever the arrangement is, surely Mr. Coward should be courageous enough to explain it?

LESS, then, for the story than for the wit inseparable from all Mr. Coward's work will *Design for Living* be visited. The acting is serviceable rather than brilliant, Rex Harrison, with his English accent, and Anton Walbrook, with his German, helping to make a distinction between Leo and Otto, whose characters are otherwise indistinguishable. Alan Webb, as Ernest, the pillar of convention, is also professional without leaving a very striking impression. There remains Diana Wynward, mouching around with irresistible charm, but a little too hurried in her delivery. If she would dwell a little longer on her lines no one would complain. For the more time she spends on the stage the happier we are.

Sketches by Rouson



Playwright in petit pyjamas: Leo (Rex Harrison)



Apex of an unusual triangle: Gilda, a free liver (Diana Wynyard)

Return of the wanderer: Otto, an artist (Anton Walbrook)

Outraged husband: Ernest Friedman (Alan Webb)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Why, Sinclair, I never knew you were at Downhurst"

AMONG all the newspapers which printed the Reserved Occupations List the day after the Premier's broadcast on national service, the *Daily Express* was the only one clever and jolly enough to jazz it up by inserting little comic drawings, making it huge fun. Even the French, whom every sober citizen in these islands knows to be an incurably vicious and frivolous race, have never gone so far as that with matters of importance; in fact the French habit is to go rather harshly, not to say brutally unmirthful whenever the existence of France is at stake, to stick up great brusque minatory tricolored notices, to act on them with shocking force, and to behave generally in a very grim, rude way indeed. And we guess the French aren't laughing very much at the trend of affairs nowadays, barring perhaps that amusing crack in the Premier's broadcast about compulsion being abhorrent to our democracy, or words to that effect; which crack is calculated to make any intelligent Parisian's bellow of sardonic mirth audible as far as the Beauce and the Bibarois. For one thing about the French is that they don't gabble about democracy till the word makes you sick, they put it into practice; and it isn't pleasant, as our comfortable intelligentsia seem to think it is. It hurts. Democracy means (e.g.) the savage kicking out of their battered and wounded exhaustion of those heroic ragged youths, "drunk with pain and glory," who made one more final desperate effort at Wattignies in 1793 and thereby saved the Republic. Democracy demands sacrifice and is ruthless, and if it were ever put into practice in this country on the old original French model you 'd hear the anguished yells of our native democrats from here to Omsk.

Rakeoff

ONE of the gossip boys reports a New Deal in Clubland. Members of certain clubs (carefully selected, you bet) will be given a percentage deduction on their bills at two leading luxury restaurants, on condition they bring a lady with them. Those who don't know any ladies, we gather, can bring a nice woman instead; the only stipulation is that the selected clubmen must not browse alone. Whether the restaurants will make much profit on this scheme will of course depend a great deal on circumstances. Some ladies eat a lot, others very little. It 's a very old trick (commented on even in early Victorian days) for very tiny fragile languid ladies to wade into a square meal in the privacy of their own rooms before going out to dinner, thus being enabled to toy languidly with expensive food in public, like tired fairies, to the admiration of all. If we were the restaurants we 'd check up on this beforehand via personal maids and butlers, whose tie-up with the gossip boys would enable them to produce brief, cogent reports. Or possibly the sportsmanlike feeling of clubmen over this new deal would be a sufficient safeguard and they 'd starve their women themselves. Hungry women are generally angry and their eyes flash brightly as they give their escorts hell. This makes a restaurant much more attractive than if it were full of dull-eyed comatose ladies crammed with sustenance. We recently lunched in a place packed with divine little actresses, each of whom had probably only had an orange-juice and an aspirin tablet since the night before and was rather edgy and craving for food. In consequence the place rang with vivid (and pointed) chatter, eyes sparkled like frosty stars, beautiful eyebrows rose and fell, tiny exquisite heads darted bird-like hither and thither, white hands flickered and gesticulated, and the whole scene was animated to a most enjoyable degree, the manager and headwaiter beaming most of all and the cashier looking so gay that he might have broken into a dance at any moment.

Cry

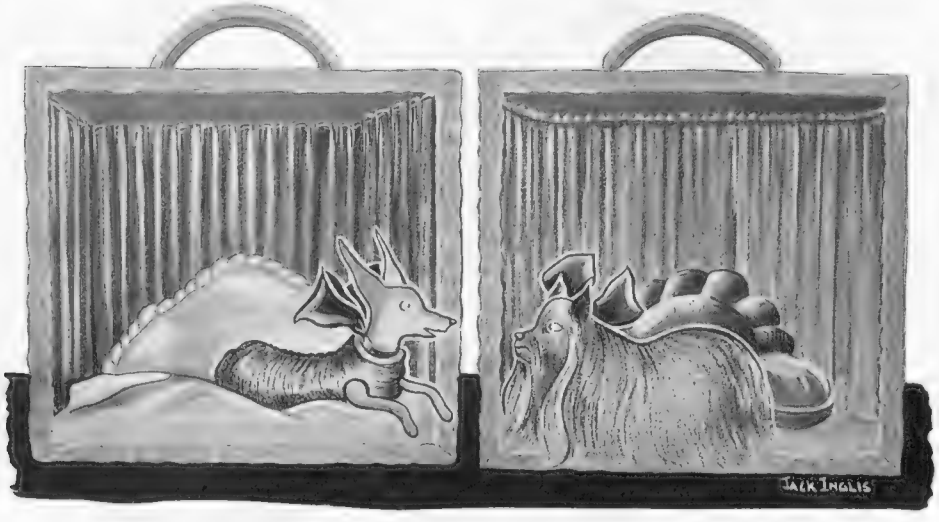
PERCEIVING a news-item in the papers which said that Humbert Wolfe, poet and Deputy Secretary to the Minister of Labour, had announced at a dinner that he was the author of the National Service Handbook, a kind of wild music passed into our soul and we sat down immediately and wrote these lines, based (we found afterwards) on some of the master's own—

> Mad heart, you were wrong
> to write in prose,
> we might have sung
> it through the nose.
> Sweetly you 'd trouble
> the listeners
> with the cold dropped pebble
> of painless verse.
> Mad heart, why fetter
> a muse that chokes?
> You rhyme much better
> than lots of blokes;
> on many agenda
> one finds much worse
> than your bright untender
> hexameters!
> "The singer is mute
> in the House of Labour!"
> with wailful hoot
> cries Faber to Faber.

Next day Mr. Wolfe denied that he ever said he was personally responsible for the booklet at all; the reporters had misinterpreted an after-dinner jest, he said. A lot of chaps nevertheless still think there ought to be an edition in Wolfeish verse, which is why our plaintive little appeal stands here.

Throb

IT 's a bit worrying about Britain's Ice Queens. We observed that after one of them had won the Ladies' European Skating Championship the other night her defeated rival did not approach her, except to pose for a press photograph of sincere congratulation, and they left Earl's Court separately, not locked in that fond embrace one expected after their recent highly-publicised reconciliation over the teacups. Maybe we 're just a sentimental old fool, but this sort of



"Personally, I prefer silk next my skin"

thing upsets us. We feel the same when we see one huge tennis queen congratulating another, her conqueror, at Wimbledon with widely-bared teeth and twitching claws, a scene which always reminds us, for some shuddering reason, of the ancient Roman Games ; especially as—it may be an optical illusion—it always seems to us that the defeated royalty's Mamma, pet dog, chauffeur, masseuse, maid, chaplain, press-agent, and other personal attendants are simultaneously stretching their mouths in the same kind of lethal grin, panting slightly and pawing the ground. We imagined that ice queens would have their passions tamed by their coolish *milieu*, but apparently not. Some day the Island Race, torn asunder by these awful recurrent scenes between its idols, will clamour en masse for Mr. Godfrey Winn to descend into the arena and unite the fair combatants in one big, emotional, passionate, tearful, flower-festooned, and emetic heart-throb, amid the clicking of ten thousand press cameras. An ambulance would be in attendance.

Weeping boxers, raging lawn tennis champions, sulking cricketers, swooning golfers, snarling billiard aces, vengeful footballers—British sport owes much of its prestige to the rampaging of these heroes, but you realise the meaning of the word " sport " most fully when two muscular female aces compliment each other after a decisive match. Big-game hunters on leave have been known to faint at the sight.

Craft

ONE of the most fascinating exhibits in the recent exhibition at the Victoria and Albert commemorating the centenary of photography was undoubtedly the photograph of black-bearded William Russell, the famous *Times* correspondent in the Crimean War. As Auntie herself remarked with ladylike pleasure, " blending the boots and bearing of a Cossack with the clothes of a captain in the Merchant Service, he presents a more spirited military appearance than all the generals put together." The Victorian age invested special correspondents with a certain romance. Even in the 'nineties, if you remember your Kipling, the boys ramped about with semi-military and slightly self-conscious devilry, though all they had to celebrate was a few victories over Fuzzy-Wuzzy and the farmers of the Veldt. We never met a special correspondent in the Great War, though we knew one or two afterwards, notably Percival Phillips, than whom a more modest, well-informed, and accurate observer never lived. By that time the craft had long ceased to give itself martial airs and graces, wore the approved near-Army uniform strictly for convenience and not for show, and forebore to swagger ; a change of attitude due, no doubt, to the fact that a war nowadays is not the glorious spree it was to the fatted Victorians. To-day (1939) the boys seem to be concentrating rather on what Fleet Street calls the Human (or Sob) Story than on attempts to explain the course of a given campaign ; which may be a decent humanitarian move, or else a deliberate wallowing in emotionalism, according as it strikes you.

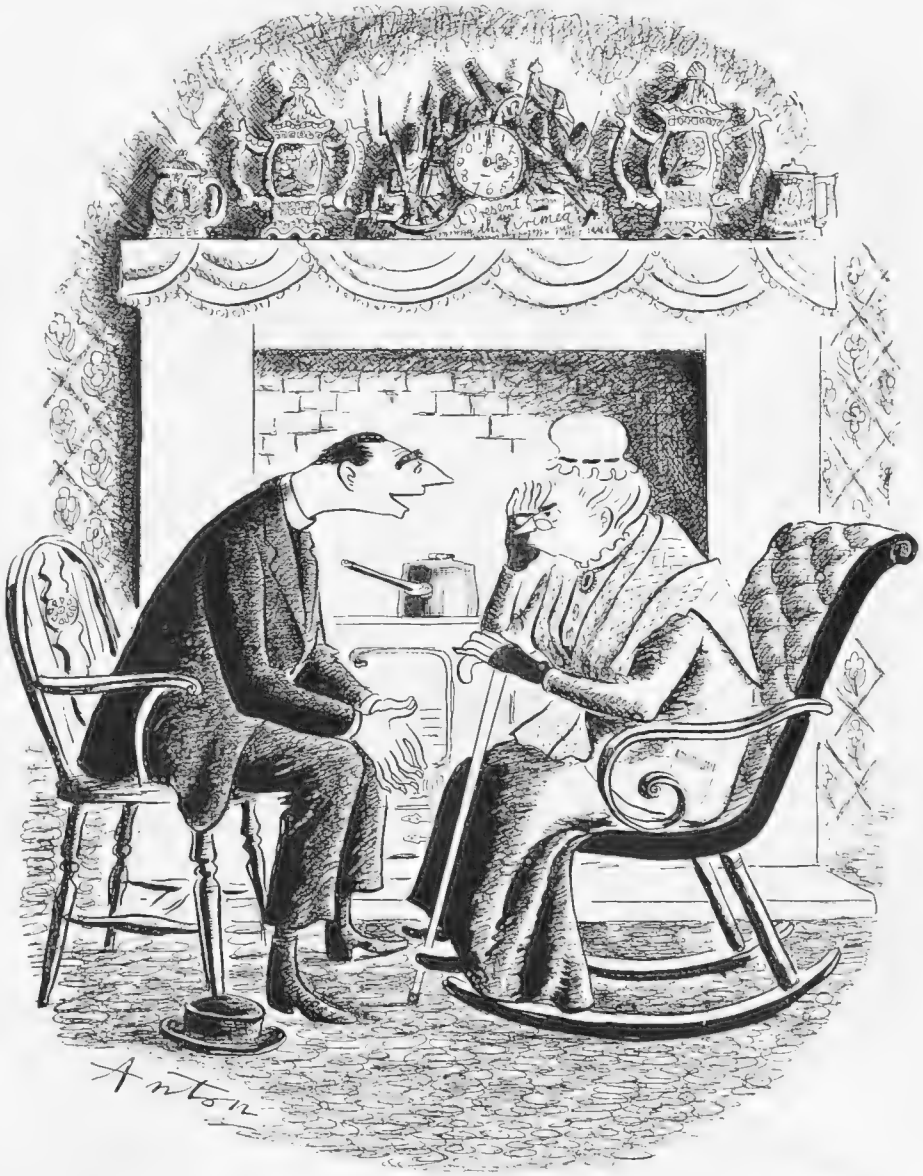
Incidentally the boys don't merely traffic in heart-stuff nowadays, they inspire it (which we bet old whiskery Russell never did). On the fall of Barcelona, the *Times* Special Correspondent's car was mobbed by " madly excited " crowds, cheering, laughing, and crying, and Mr. William Mundy of the *Daily Mail* was not only held up repeatedly in his car but kissed by " many pretty girls." We wouldn't mob or kiss either of 'em ourselves, quite frankly, but that may be because our nerve hasn't been shattered by months of air bombardment. It 's a great tribute to the press, nevertheless, not to say a surprising one.

Vogue

THAT tubular metal furniture the smart guys were raving over ten years ago is already out of date, we gather from the *Studio* Year Book of Decorative Art. So is all that sacred jargon about " functionalism " which accompanied it, and which was the excuse for so much brutal and deliberate ugliness. So we imagine those arty enthusiasts whose flats still look like a dental parlour designed by a paranoiac fishmonger in Hell will soon be tumbling over themselves to get rid of the tubular stuff, which will come in nicely for munitions. They were given a lead, actually, some time ago by the Adelphi Theatre, which went metal-mad with the boys some ten years ago, and covered its façade with steel, or whatever it was ; the inevitable result being that in a very few months' time the front elevation looked like the side of a rusty tramp steamer. Metal has now been changed for marble, or something, which looks much better.

The smart guys will naturally never admit that their ancestors knew more about beauty-cum-utility than they could ever learn, for which reason we laud the admirable municipal authorities of Williamsburg, Va., who have gone reactionary and are steadily tearing down modern monstrosities and restoring the centre of their historic town, so far as possible, to what it looked like in Colonial days, when it was not only perfectly charming and dignified and decent but as " functional " as anybody could desire. You 'd think to hear some of the " functional " charlatans talk that when a Middle Ages craftsman made, say, a beautiful front-door lock people had to let themselves in thenceforth by the windows, and that Seville Cathedral has no functional uses. God send 'em better sense and their dupes more judgment, is our feeble cry.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



" I hear you 've been a life-long sufferer from chaps, Miss Pettigrew "

Films of the Day

A French Picture for a Grown-up Audience

By George Campbell

We talk of the typical Englishman, but just who is he? The elegant diplomat, like Anthony Eden? The burly squire, John Bull? The little man with the sandy moustache and umbrella who cheers the Arsenal on Saturday afternoons and dotes on Shirley Temple in the evenings? We don't know. But we all know the typical Frenchman. He was born in Victorian farce, and is still preserved on the Anglo-Saxon screen: a weedy fellow with pomaded hair, waxed moustaches, a soprano voice, and a volcanic manner.

All of which is extremely odd, because you have only to compare French pictures with ours to realise that if you want anything resembling the conventional he-man, at all events in voice and manner, you have to go to Paris for him. Where is our Jean Gabin? Or our Charles Boyer? Or (a still rarer type, perhaps) our Louis Jouvet?

This anthropological note is inspired by *Education de Prince*. It is not one of the great French films — most certainly not a *Kermesse Héroïque*, or a *Rosier de Madame Husson*. But it *is* uncommonly entertaining. With all his troubles—amongst them a comparatively small market and not much money—the French producer has one great advantage over ours. For some reason he seems to be able to command an adult audience. Our producers make farces for children, full of music-hall knockabout, or at best confections for adolescents, the dim young who wallow in sentimental clichés and snigger over bedroom farce, when they are not too busy "necking" in the darkness. *Education de Prince*, like all satire, is thoroughly adult, with touch after touch which gives the sort of delight to the eye and mind that your palate derives from a Napoleon 1811.

It is a satire on royalty, on republicans, on human nature. An oil magnate is dissatisfied with his profits from Silistria. He finds the party in power unsympathetic. If only the former dynasty could be restored. . . . But nothing easier, says his adventurer friend (Louis Jouvet), and for the next hour we sit back and see the master work, pulling the strings, watching the puppets dance with a sardonic amusement which (having no very exalted opinion of the human race) he disdains to show on his face.

The heir to the throne is a boy of eighteen (Robert Lynen), very much in love with a girl of his own age. His mother (Elvire Popesco), tired of living in one room, is immediately enchanted with the idea; enchanted, too, with M. Jouvet. But the boy unexpectedly proves difficult. An attempt to educate him in the duties of Silistrian monarchy by introducing him to a professional charmer has unexpected results: the charmer talks sympathetically of his girl-friend, puts a blanket over him, and leaves him to sleep on the couch. Only when the adventurer plays the card of Duty, with a capital "D," does the Prince give way and bid a brief and sad farewell to his little friend.

If this were a Coward operette, that would be the end of the story; but in France they are not so fond of the conventional tear-jerker. M. Jouvet is won over to fishing and the simple life that the boy adores; and before long his nimble mind has found a solution. The Prince cannot marry a commoner, but if she were a descendant of Napoleon I. or Napoleon III.—practically any Napoleon would do—the thing would be simple. And so once again, with that expressionless face that expresses all, he does his diplomatic conjuring trick, and the Queen smiles her dazzling blonde smile, and agrees that the little princess is charming.

It may sound flimsy, unreal; but at least it has that reality which comes of consistency to itself. If only all international adventurers were as human and normal as M. Jouvet! But they are not. They go round plotting in cellars, and planning murders and armament rings and oil coups, forgetting that life should not model itself on William Le Queux.

The characters are all drawn wittily, and played with the sense of style possessed by all the best French actors. M. Jouvet, poker-faced, slightly bow-legged (if one can judge from his curious walk), speaking always with the weary incisiveness of a man who has seen life and does not think a great deal of it, gives a superb performance fit to rank with his beautiful study of the shady cabaret proprietor in *Un Carnet de Bal*. Elvire Popesco, a Roumanian, I believe, plays the amorous Queen as if she were momentarily expecting M. Jouvet to play the King; Robert Lynen, the freckled urchin of *Poil de Carotte*, makes a sensitive and likeable young Prince; and Josette Day, as his little friend, is precisely the girl that a boy of his age needs—pretty, sweet and endearing. *Education de Prince*, by the way, was adapted from the play by Maurice Donnay, and directed by Alexandre Esway.

It has always been axiomatic in the trade that, apart from the usual "interest" shorts, no film under about 6000 feet, running one hour, is any use. *Consider Your Verdict*, written by Laurence Housman and directed by Roy Boulting, is therefore an experiment, and an interesting one. About 3000 feet long, running half an hour, it is to the ordinary film what a short story is to a novel; and I for one found its crispness most engaging. The plot is ingenious, the jurors at an Old Bailey murder trial are cleverly sketched, and the acting, by Marius Goring, Manning Whylie, George Carney, Hay Petrie and Olive Sloan, is noticeably free from the over-emphasis and straining for effect that ruin so many productions in an industry which has come to accept the epithet "pretentious" as complimentary.

"Education de Prince"

The last French satire on monarchy, "Le Roi," told how Rex Ruritaniorum visited the French Republic. In "Education de Prince" (Curzon) the scene is Ruritania itself and the same cynical but excellent entertainment is the result. The people are: (above) the Queen-Mother, the King-Maker, and the Prince (Elvire Popesco, Louis Jouvet, Robert Lynen), and (right) the poor girl loved by the Prince and her father (Josette Day and Charpin)

"Old Bill Sees the World": By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"You will leave the 'plane at seventeen thousand feet, and land on your strictly non-intervention basis"

Hollywood Studios (1)

Culver City, where M.-G.-M. make their films, through the rare eyes of a visiting camera

M.-G.-M.'s "Women's Apartments" house an impressive array of stars. Norma Shearer last used her room while making "Idiot's Delight." Greta Garbo is just back in hers for the shooting of "Ninotchka," under Lubitsch's direction

***The Tram Service,** running every fifteen minutes, is one of the amenities of Culver City which has a permanent population, apart from actors, of 4000 employees. Some of these use bicycles to cover the huge distances between one lot and another. Besides the Culver City trams, there are a fire brigade, a police force of fifty, every kind of social service, and the Commissary*

***Hedy Lamarr** was eating her favourite biscuits in her dressing-room on wheels, and drinking orange juice (which she hates) "because Americans expect it of you". In "I Take This Woman" M.-G.-M. have made her a society glamour girl in love with Spencer Tracy as a down-town doctor. Her next is "Lady of the Tropics," with Robert Taylor*

***Bert Lahr,** the George Robey of the American stage, holds the "Herald-Express," and Ray Bolger and Jack Haley peer over his shoulder. They all came off "The Wizard of Oz" set for lunch but had to change out of costume because the dresses for that picture were so secret no one off-stage was allowed to see them. Bolger, as a stage dancer, is second only to Astaire in fame*

***Frank Albertson** was on his way to lunch at the Commissary, carrying his pipe—all young American he-men are pipe-smokers nowadays. His last assignment was "The Shining Hour," in which he played opposite Joan Crawford*

***Ann Rutherford,** Mickey Rooney's girl-friend in the Hardy family series, is now busy with "Four Girls in White" as one of the young nurses in the name-parts. Nurse Ainsworth, technical adviser on the film, forbids waved hair, combs, pins, jewellery and nail polish to her four probationers*

Adrian, *Hollywood's most famous dress artist, designs hundreds of costumes a year for M.-G.-M. films. Has recently been conferring daily with Garbo over her "Ninotchka" dresses. He and Janet Gaynor have lately announced their engagement*

Florence Rice, *a nurse in her new picture, "Four Girls in White," was just going to wade through a huge tank on her way to rescue injured from the biggest train wreck ever staged by M.-G.-M. She'll soon be seen as Robert Taylor's leading lady in "Stand Up and Fight." Is the daughter of Grantland Rice, writer of sports classics*

Spencer Tracy *was having a quick Commissary lunch between shots of "I Take This Woman," with the producer, Joseph Mankiewicz, in the next seat. Tracy's next is "North-west Passage," with Wallace Beery and Robert Taylor*

Rita Johnson *and* ***Virginia Gray*** *are two of the beauties in "Broadway Serenade," and were off to lunch, Miss Gray with her hair tied up in muslin to keep it off her make-up*

Barbed wire *surrounds Culver City: anyone trying to get in without a card is thrown out, and anyone using a camera inside is arrested. The visiting camera on which these shots were made was the first one allowed inside within the memory of M.-G.-M.'s Publicity Manager*

Research and art *are represented by Elliott Morgan and John Detlie. The former was a Californian schoolmaster before joining M.-G.-M.'s research group. The latter is working on "Twenty Little Working Girls," the film of the famous "Pins and Needles" revue. He did designs for "A Christmas Carol," the Dickens film*

Robert Montgomery *leant on the back of his chair between shots of "Fast and Loose" in which he is a rare-book dealer who gets entangled with crooks. Rosalind Russell is his co-star. He has just organised a Beverly Hills Hunt Club because he misses the hunting he gets when he's staying on his New York State farm. He is also ambitious to play polo*

"Bystander" Short Story No. 177

Americana : by Sally Benson

A Short Series of Penetrating Sidelights on American Life and Character

No. 5—The Face of a Saint

Illustrations by Archie Savory

"Well," Mrs. Chase said as she came into her own living-room, "you 're an early bird!"

She looked at Adelaide Foster sitting there, cool and collected, in the Cogswell chair with the plaid slip-cover, and hated her. She became acutely conscious that the white fur on her bedroom slippers looked like what it was—cat's fur; that the ash-trays hadn't been emptied from the night before; that the flowers on the piano were dropping their petals; and that last night's paper was scattered all over the floor.

The most annoying thing about Adelaide Foster was her habit of dropping in on her neighbours before noon, of simply opening the door and walking in, looking as well mobilised as most women do at four in the afternoon.

"Goodness," Mrs. Chase went on, "it must be dawn! What time is it, anyway?" She looked toward the small leather clock on the bookshelves, realised that she could never see it without her glasses, and settled herself on the couch with as much ease of manner as she could manage.

Adelaide Foster also looked toward the clock, her cold blue eyes alert and far-seeing. "It 's almost twelve," she said. "Five of, to be exact. I 've been up for hours."

"Almost twelve!" Mrs. Chase exclaimed in some surprise. "I must have dozed off again after Ed left for town."

Mrs. Foster took in every humiliating detail of the room in one dreadful glance. "Where 's Bertha?"

"Oh, I thought you knew," Mrs. Chase said. "Bertha doesn't come until around noon now. I couldn't stand having someone clatter about in the mornings. The house is so nice and peaceful after Ed goes, and the time I have to myself in the mornings gives me courage to face the rest of the day."

She shifted her position uneasily, aware of Adelaide Foster's disapproval, wondering what bit of gossip she had brought with her this time. "But I didn't realise it was so late. I have to telephone the grocer and goodness knows who else. Old Mr. Mortimer is coming for lunch."

"Old Mr. Mortimer? *That* old man! How funny!"

"I don't see anything particularly funny about it," Mrs. Chase said crossly. "He lives all by himself, and I just asked him over so I could help him with his puzzles. He 's doing them for a contest and he really isn't very bright about them. So I thought I 'd help him out. He 's rather pathetic about doing them, going around with dictionaries and practically living in the public library looking up things. He 's a perfectly sweet old man."

Adelaide Foster gave a bitter little laugh. "A perfectly sweet old man! I hope he isn't like that perfectly sweet old man Mary Palmer met on the Reliance. *He* had the face of a saint."

"I don't know anything about that," Mrs. Chase said, feeling it was too early for this sort of talk but unable to resist asking for more. "What happened?"

"Oh, nothing," Mrs. Foster answered. "Nothing at all. That is, nothing *really* happened. You know. He just gave her uplifting books to read and walked her around the deck about a thousand times a day. She thought he must have English blood, he was so grim about keeping fit. *Until* the night of the Pirate's Ball. Mary Palmer was black and blue. You never saw anything like it. He was the rector of a very big church in Pittsburgh, too. You 'd know his name if you heard it."

"Do you mean," Mrs. Chase asked, her interest aroused, "that he pinched her or something?"

"That 's exactly what I mean. She was black and blue. I *think* she slapped him, although it 's queer Mary would forget herself so, no matter what the circumstances were. Anyway, she had a dreadful time."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Chase exclaimed. "I bet Mary Palmer hasn't been pinched black and blue for years. Besides, what has all that got to do with my asking old Mr. Mortimer for lunch?"

"It just struck me as being funny, that 's all. I mean your saying you were having that old man for lunch after my hearing this ghastly story from Mary Palmer. I 'm not saying Mr. Mortimer may not be all you think. He may be perfectly harmless. I wouldn't let it worry me, anyway. Bertha will be here."

"It 's not worrying me," Mrs. Chase said loudly. "I never think about such things, thank heaven! I 'm glad to say I 'm no Anna Knowles, going around mating dogs all the time. *And* talking about it. She could just as easily call them females, but no. She has to be technical!"

Mrs. Foster leaned forward in the Cogswell chair and opened a wooden cigarette box on the small table beside her. It was empty, and she fumbled in her bag until she found her own tortoise-shell case. She lit a cigarette and spoke judicially. "I admit Anna is funny that way. But some of the things she tells happen to be true. I know for a fact that all she said about old Mr. Gordon was true."

"I don't know anything about that, either," Mrs. Chase said. "But I wouldn't believe Anna Knowles on a stack of Bibles when she gets talking about sex. She 's gone into it too deeply and it 's mixed her up. She thinks everyone has a sex life, and while that may be true, I doubt if it amounts to much."

Adelaide Foster settled comfortably back in the chair and smiled enigmatically. "Well, this happened at the cocktail-party

(*Concluded on page* ii)

Photographs by G. H. Metcalf

Dusting Peace: *Frank Dobson brushes down his statue for despatch to New York*

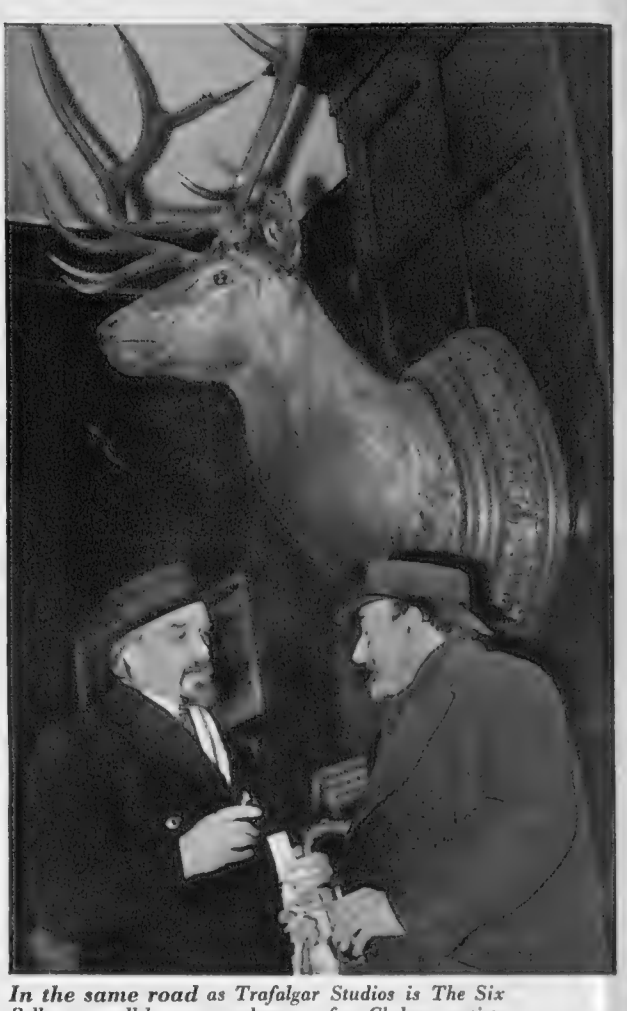
Frank Dobson and Pax

The reclining figure in Portland Stone was sculpted from a solid block by Frank Dobson in No. 14, Trafalgar Studios, Manresa Road, Chelsea. It was started six years ago, finished two years ago, and it is now on its way to the British Pavilion of the New York World's Fair, where it will lie in the entrance hall in company with five or six other modern British sculptures. The figure has the colossal legs and arms of the modern ideal, a bull neck, a calm expression. "Static, placid, heroic" are Mr. Dobson's adjectives for his seven-foot woman, and he has called her Pax. Turn the page for pictures of how and where Dobson works on Pax and her fellows

A recent sitter *at 14, Trafalgar Studios was Sir Edward Marsh, whose memoirs are just now appearing in the "Sunday Times" and will be published in book form in the spring. The head is nearly completed in clay, after which it will be sent to the foundry (below) for casting up. Behind Dobson can be seen his head of Margaret Rawlings, and beyond the clay Sir Edward can be seen Pax's placid face*

Frank Dobson and his Work

(continued)



In the same road *as Trafalgar Studios is The Six Bells, a well-known rendezvous for Chelsea artists and even more famous before the formation of the Chelsea Arts Club drew off some of its clientele: Dobson now plays his snooker and darts mostly at the club. In "The Bells" Dobson (right) has met Stanley Grimm; the former drinks beer, the latter sherry*

Photographs by G. H. Metcalf

Hand-printed fabrics *were first designed and executed by Dobson for his own home, but a demand has since grown up and so, while he still designs the lino blocks, Mrs. Dobson does the printing and marketing. Dobson here works on a shell block whose pattern can be seen drying behind, right; his wife prints squares of his favourite fat-legged women. The Dobsons have been married thirteen years, have one daughter*

The foundry *is an important step in the production of a bronze. Dobson's work, like most famous English sculptors' and modellers', is handled by Morris Singer's foundry in Lambeth, a hundred-year-old firm, one of whose jobs is the Boadicea on the Embankment. Frank Dobson often superintends his casting, being particularly interested in patinas, the tints obtained by the plating and/or oxidising of bronze. "See that," he will say, "it's iridescent — like a mackerel." The bust of Sir Edward Marsh (above) is due shortly for this trial by fire*

← ***Sketches*** *form the basis of all Dobson's sculpted figures; he does not model direct from models. The feminine interests him far more than the masculine—he has only done men when commissioned. Of his women—small-shouldered, light-breasted, narrow-waisted, heavy-hipped, in short, the antithesis of J.-G. Domergue's "Jeune Fil"—he says frankly they are idealised. "It is a waste of time to turn flesh-and-blood women exactly into stone. In this way the archaic Greeks were superior to the ancient Greeks"*

FRANK DOBSON is fifty years old. From youth he intended to be an artist and a craftsman and he has fulfilled his intentions. After a scholarship training at Hospitalfields School, Arbroath, and an apprenticeship in Sir William Reynolds' studio, he set out on his own. In 1914 he had his first one-man show—of drawings—and when that year Mars eclipsed Apollo and everything else, he joined the Artists Rifles and was shell-shocked on the Somme for his pains. But after the war he snapped straight back to art and proceeded to make his name in an orderly manner, walking the mile from his home near Redcliffe Gardens to the Trafalgar Studios, working office hours there daily, taking summer holidays in central France. Last year he was elected an A.R.B.S.; he has works in the Tate and in galleries in Manchester, Glasgow, Leeds. For four years he was President of the London Group. Favourite media: stone, terra-cotta, clay into bronze

Two years ago *this was a square block of Portland stone. In two more years it will be finished and a solid interpretation of the sketches at the page-top. Pax was made this way, too* →

Nursery slopers watch their betters start upwards on one of the three ski-lifts

"Snow Holiday" II.

Chamonix

The Queen of the French Alps

The name Chamonix (sound the final x, please) is said to come from "campus munitus"—a camp with a ready-made bulwark of mountains. For a hundred years since Jacques Balmat first climbed Mont Blanc in 1787, Chamonix was largely known as the best jumping-off ground for scaling or viewing the peak, and it became a high summer resort. Since winter sports swept European holiday-makers out of their summer routine, Chamonix naturally took its place as the queen of French Alpine centres. It has five ski-schools, three ski-lifts, and three aerial cable railways. Its hotels vary from splendid to modest, and there is a casino. It is a night's journey from Paris

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

***Chamonix** from one of its three téléfériques—that to the 8284-feet high summit of Le Brévent on the north of the town. Chamonix itself lies at 3450 feet*

From Le Brévent *the run to Chamonix is one for skilled ski-ers only. The sunny ranges in the background stretch to Megève and Aunecy and Aix*

Socialite Sisters No. 3. London and Country

Miss Anne Christian

Mary and Anne Christian are the two daughters of the late Admiral and Mrs. Arthur Christian, and nieces of Viscount Monsell. They and their brother John live together in a house in Chelsea Square. The two sisters go about together a good deal; they both like music, and they both like racing, especially at Newbury, where they hardly miss a meeting. And Mary Christian is also a keen ski-er

Miss Mary Christian

Bridget and Patria Hornung are the second and third daughters of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Bernard Hornung, of Ivorys, Cowfold, Sussex. Mr. J. P. Hornung, the well-known owner and member of the Jockey Club, of West Grinstead Park, Horsham, is their grandfather. Bridget Hornung came out in 1936, and her sister last year. They both hunt with the Crawley and Horsham

Miss Patria Hornung

Miss Bridget Hornung

Socialite Young Marrieds

Claude Harris

Philip Chetwode

The Hon. Mrs. Chetwode

The Hon. Mrs. Chetwode married Captain Roger Chetwode, Field-Marshal Sir Philip and Lady Chetwode's only son, in 1936, when she was twenty-one. They have one son, called Philip after his grandfather, who will be two next month, and they live at 2, Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park. Before her marriage, Mrs. Chetwode was Patricia Berry; she is the third daughter of Lord and Lady Camrose, and sister of the Countess of Birkenhead. Her husband is in the 11th (City of London) Light Anti-Aircraft Brigade

Photographs (except of Philip Chetwode) by Cannons of Hollywood

The Hon. Mrs. Kinnaird

The Master of Kinnaird and Nadia Fortington were married last May from Rossie Priory, Inchture, the Perthshire home of his parents, Lord and Lady Kinnaird. Mrs. Kinnaird is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Fortington, of Lime Ridge, Duchess County, N.Y., and the Isle of Jethou, Channel Islands, and a granddaughter, through her mother, of Sir Ernest Jardine, of the Park, Nottingham. She and her husband have settled into their house in Albion Street, Hyde Park

"Signor Bombardone"

Cecil Trouncer as Shaw's Italian Dictator in "Geneva"

Photographs by Anthony

Of the three dictators pilloried by Mr. Shaw in his political satire, *Geneva*, it is on the wreathed and toga-ed Roman that he has let himself go. Bombardone is a gloriously Shavian character, bombastic, brutal, overblown, intelligent, quick-witted and comical all at once. And Cecil Trouncer fills the part to its brim; his acting has a richness and variety and, above all, a sly humour to match the author's own. Trouncer is an actor only now beginning to be known to the West End public, although last year at the Westminster, and before that at the Old Vic, he had made a considerable reputation. From his audiences in those theatres he has built up an extraordinarily appreciative public, convinced that to miss a Trouncer performance is to miss a special theatrical pleasure. During the memorable 1937-8 Westminster season he played in Shaw, Ibsen, Tchehov, Turgenev, Gogol, giving perhaps his finest performances in the Russian plays, for whose profound, irrelevant mixture of comedy and pathos he has a particular gift of understanding and expression

"Thank your lucky stars you've never known a democracy in England"

"The League of Nations is a league of fools"

"It is the number of metres above sea-level that puts steel into men"

Gardener's Chronicle

Christmas and Lenten Roses

By R. C. Jenkinson

Copyright photograph by Blanche Henrey

Helleborus Orientalis: *the Lenten Rose, from Greece, shows its delicate, mysterious blooms, varying in colour from greenish white to deep claret, during late January, February, March and April*

General Notes

How few gardeners trouble to grow the various helleborus, the Christmas and Lenten roses—and yet how little care they need! Many a kitchen garden has its frames of violets, the sweet-scented double parmas or the large, single "Princess of Wales." Lovely as they are for a small posy-vase or buttonhole, they are neither lovelier nor easier than the "roses": indeed, whereas violets need a frame, except in very mild localities, to give of their best, the former are perfectly hardy and adaptable anywhere. The only reason for growing them under cover is to preserve the snowy whiteness of their flowers from being besmirched by mud thrown up by heavy rain or from general wear-and-tear of winter weather; and this only applies to the Christmas roses, the forms of helleborus niger.

They are equally happy in limy or non-limy soils, only asking to be planted in half-shady or woodland conditions in rich soil which will not dry out in summer; a nice dose of manure will amplify both flowers and foliage. The best time to plant them is after flowering or in August, and they are easily increased by division.

Christmas Roses

HELLEBORUS NIGER has flowers two or three inches across, cup-shaped or flat, pure white with green at their base, sometimes flushed with pink in the open ground; they are borne on stalks six or twelve inches high, one to four flowers to the stalk. The different forms vary in their time of flowering from November to February or even March.

In the wild they range from the Southern Alps eastward to Western Asia. I have promised myself the treat one day in late winter of doffing my skis—as they have so often doffed me—and going down to the sub-Alpine woods above Como or Garda, where, I am told, the Christmas roses abound in thousands, and to choose some extra special forms, selected either for size, height of stem, or purity of blossom. Could I but do this three times a year I should find the best forms for early, mid-season and late flowering, send them carefully home, plant in the kitchen garden against a north wall, and increase until there were enough to plant out in chosen places in the flower garden, or else keep under a frame or cloche, to be picked bunch by bunch, as the season brings on the sequence of forms, for vases, where they will last about ten days. They are best arranged with sprigs of evergreens to support them; for this purpose, box, gaultheria or vaccinium are admirable.

Lenten and Other Roses

"LENTEN ROSE" is the proper name for the many forms and varieties and hybrids of helleborus orientalis, which come from Greece. They come later than their Christmas sisters, from late January to April, and are rather taller, about eighteen inches to two feet. They vary in colour from greenish white to deep claret, some pure, some flushed, some speckled, with yellow or cream anthers and small green bases. Seedlings vary incredibly within their colour limits, and all are lovely. Amongst established clumps, if the ground is not hoed to disturb the germination of the tiny seedlings, they will appear in profusion: the best, after they have reached flowering age, can be selected for propagation by division. They make no bright, brilliant effect; their appeal lies rather in the delicate, weird, or even sombre charm of their beautifully formed flowers. I remember once seeing a bronze bowl arranged with little branches of lemon-yellow coreopsis—of this enchanting family more in April—and Lenten roses in deep plum: purple, lurid freckled clarets and rose, or green, and white, a colour combination to be repeated with other yellow flowering shrubs of March or April. If one wants to buy these hellebores, then go and see them in flower in a friend's or a botanic garden.

Helleborus corsicus is a different proposition. Its foliage alone makes it valuable: a light metallic green, about two feet tall, each leaf consisting of three or five leaflets, spiny-edged and hard to the touch and almost evergreen. The flowers come in spring, seven or more in a bunch, rising just above the leaves, of a lovely cool apple-green; they are a joy to pick or see out of doors in any half-shady spot, planted, for choice, with Solomon's seal and blue hepaticas or wood anemone, where they will be found as easy and accommodating as their neighbours.

Only two more helleborus call for our present notice. Helleborus lividus, a dwarf plant, has lovely marbled glaucous leaves and pale green flowers not quite so hardy as the three other species I have talked about, and best grown on a well-drained, cool bank where water cannot hang about the neck of the plant in winter. And lastly, helleborus viridis, a species native to our English woodlands. Its most attractive form, I think, is that with the narrowly cut leaves called laciniatum—thus, at any rate, it was named by the kind friend who gave it me. Here, again, the flowers are pale, soft green. As lately as this New Year's Day I saw a silver bowl on the dining-room table with flowers of this hellebore as a groundwork for sprays of pink callanthe. Though the former came from a greenhouse and the latter from the cold, open ground, they made the most charming combination.

Associations

WE have already discussed suitable positions for Christmas and Lenten roses—on the lower slopes of a big rock-garden, beside paths or on banks in a woodland garden, or in half-shady nooks amongst shrubs they are well suited. All the spring bulbs and early flowering herbs which enjoy the same conditions are good companions: snowdrops and yellow aconite, blue scillas and chionodoxa and grape hyacinths, blue, purple or red pulmonaria, of which azurea is perhaps the most attractive; early wild narcissus, such as cyclamineus and Queen of Spain; Solomon's seal and lily of the Valley and wood anemones.

Hellebore foliage makes a quiet, green groundwork the summer through. Therefore, summer flowering plants, such as columbine, lilium martagon and giganteum, day lily and phlox, cimicifuga and monkshood and various ferns, to name only a handful, are all suitable companions to prolong the display of flowers the year round. But this little list only throws out suggestions, without even mentioning a shrub for the possibilities of enhancing our gardens by an intelligent use of the various Christmas and Lenten roses.

Snow Season : St. Moritz : Gstaad : Villars

U.S.A. captain *Jack Heaton was at the wheel of the American four-man bob before a practice run at St. Moritz. Afterwards the teams all left for Cortina d'Ampezzo, in Italy, where the World Four-Man Bobsleigh Championships were held*

British captain *Freddy McEvoy steered his bob (with P. Howard, J. Critchley and P. Green) into third, second and first places in the first three Championship runs at Cortina. In the final run, Great Britain, holders for two years and now runners-up, set up a new record time*

Swiss captain *René Fonjallez and his team won the first two runs in the Championship in record times. In the third and fourth runs they were second. On aggregate they won the Championship from Britain by 1·24 seconds*

At Gstaad *have been Betty Meynell and Anne Schenck, daughter of Mrs. Frederic Schenck, of New York. She did a London deb season two years ago and has now announced her engagement to a young Englishman, David Huxley, son of the late Leonard Huxley*

Barbara Cagiati *is another of the many Americans at Gstaad, which has also been packed with English socialites this year. She is the daughter of Francesco Cagiati, of Dover, Mass., and New York. Her sister married Viscount Acheson four years ago*

From Kitzbühl *came this emigrant. Virgil Reider, who used to own the Goldene Gams there. He was snapped, his goggles looking like a big bow on top of his head, at the Second Chalet on the Winspillen run above Gstaad*

Prince Valdemar of Hesse, *here talking to Mrs. Gustave Porgés, is still convalescing after his serious accident early in the season. He and his family have been at St. Moritz since Christmas*

Ninette Heaton *has been spending her snow season at St. Moritz as usual. She is the sister of Cresta rider Jack Heaton, who captained the U.S.A. four-man bob. The Heaton Gold Cup is one of the big Cresta events early in the season*

Fur-wrapped *spectators of the bobsleigh practice were Baroness Gevers and Mrs. Beatrice Cartwright. The Cup given by the latter was won this year on the Cresta by Serge Asiewsky, with Ralph Harbord second. Baron Gevers two days before had won the Bott Cup, another Cresta event run from the Top*

At Villars *were photographed the Hon. David Wilson, Thomas Pitt Cholmondeley Tapper, the racing driver, and Patricia Raeburn, who was a Gold "K" before she was a (1936) debutante. David Wilson is Lord Nunburnholme's brother*

Inhabitants *of Villars are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Van den Bergh, who have lived in their chalet there for two years. She had a bad fall skiing and sprained her ankle, and they have now left the snow for Cannes*

Young-marrieds *at Villars in the Rhone Valley this year were Mr. and Mrs. John Dyson Taylor. Last year they spent their winter sports at Kitzbühl. They are both good ski-ers, Canadian-born Mrs. Taylor having grown up with the sport*

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Boiled Shirt

By V. S. Pritchett

DISCOVERING at last how to do the trick—that is what kills most novelists. They stop thinking. But there is, it seems to me, one exception to-day, and that is Mr. Somerset Maugham. Perhaps this is because he is a "made" or willed writer, intelligent enough to know his limitations and to cultivate a greater depth and virtuosity within them. Whatever the reason, he is that rare thing, a novelist who improves as he writes more. Sometimes, as in *Theatre*, it is merely the skill that grows; now, in *Christmas Holiday* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), it is his heart and his capacity for throwing a keener light on his habitual interests.

Someone has said that all our ideas are merely variations on the views we held when we are twenty-one years old; and to the extent that this is true, Mr. Maugham remains a figure of the early nineteen-hundreds. What was the typical row of that time? It was a row about convention. The conventional man was righteously angry with the one who defied convention, or romantically envious of him. Hence those fancy pictures of the romantic prostitute, the damned and/or solitary artist, the noble co-respondent, and any windmill with a cap thrown over it. This is the Maugham subject and *Christmas Holiday*, though it deals with two young men of to-day in their twenties is, in part, a revised view of this dated quarrel. When nice, good-natured Charley leaves his jolly, respectable and cultivated home for a conventional binge in Paris, you know his respectability is going to get a shock. He is going to see human nature—well, if not in the raw, then at least with its boiled shirt off. But Mr. Maugham has looked again. His conventional people are no longer so sure of themselves and his unconventional ones are not romantic. Society used to make its outcasts Bohemian; now perforce they are either revolutionary or have reverted, not to the picturesque, but to the bleak and devastating primitive.

Simon, Charley's Cambridge friend who is a journalist in Paris, and who is determined to give Charley a shock or two, is the extreme case. The embittered son of a drunken father and promiscuous mother, he is the cold and envenomed outcast. Years ago, Mr. Maugham would have turned him into a Gauguin; now Simon is political. He is training himself cynically for power, like a Jesuit; his ideal is Dzerjinsky, the head of the Cheka under Lenin; his immediate model and stimulus has been a young French murderer who robbed and killed for sport. The murderer is in Guiana, and, out of malice, Simon leads Charley to a brothel where he picks up the murderer's Russian wife. During a chaste and searing week in her company, Charley learns the full story of her life, and of her husband's crime. Having gone for a binge Charley returns without having binged at all, and with the bottom knocked clean out of his world.

The book is an exercise in suspense and psychological excitement. It is true that Mr. Maugham's second-hand method of narrative flattens the main characters; and that they, being inordinately loquacious and intelligent about themselves, lose the conviction that life has when it is served straight and stammering. Mr. Maugham has always put feeling at one remove where it is easier for him to handle, preferring to discuss rather than to enact, for he knows that, if his brain is sharp, his feeling is shallow at a crisis. In consequence, the Russian woman's choice of the profession of prostitution so that by her suffering and degradation she may atone for the wickedness of the husband she unreasonably loves, is credible only as a theory. It has happened when the story begins and not before our eyes; it therefore has the debatable quality of hearsay; here I suspect Mr. Maugham's old sentimentality. Once more, too, one meets the clichés—"dallying with young men similarly dight"—which sound like Jeeves at his most bogus Augustan. But, as a whole, *Christmas Holiday* has a passion, a concentrated force, and a pity all less arid than anything in his earlier books.

Australian Writer

Patrick White's "Happy Valley," reviewed here, is his first novel. He has written poems, short stories, two plays which were performed in Sydney, and he contributed a sketch to Herbert Farjeon's revue, "Nine Sharp." This young Australian was educated at Cheltenham and Cambridge, and has now settled in London

AUSTRALIA is producing several young novelists of unusual talent, and Mr. Patrick White is one of them. They have greater vitality and substance, I think, than the more advertised Americans. *Happy Valley* (Harrap; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is a picture of a small Australian township, with its Chinese storekeepers-its bedridden schoolmaster, its discouraged doctor, and its frustrated wives and children; not a pretty picture, but a very real and vivid one, lively and exciting in its method and observation. The people are commonplace enough, but one sees into their odd minds and longings, one tastes their food, smells their domesticity, is thrust into the intimacy of their love affairs and into their ephemeral life-camp upon this ancient and hostile country. Their talk especially is good. If Mr. White is sometimes obscure, jumpy, and allusive, hates too much, and has not yet got *Ulysses* out of his system, these mannerisms are the surplus of a biting, adroit and sensual talent.

IT is common for the more accomplished to be less ambitious and, from the point of view of performance, Miss Delafield's *Three Marriages* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is better behaved but less stimulating. These are three long-short stories—in my opinion, the pleasantest length in fiction. In the first, set in the 1850's, an innocent girl of sixteen, who still puts her dolls to bed, is married off to a decent, uninspiring middle-aged man; and doesn't grow up and get free of him until she has been through the horrors of the Indian Mutiny. (Miss Delafield has done the horrors admirably.) By the next story, rich women are freer; but in the 'nineties, enlightened theories of conduct are the new priggishness, as well as the new freedom. In the last story we have the dull, thwarted, nice woman who "wants to be happy," but finds she has not spirit enough to be more than stupified by the social consequences of adultery. Miss Delafield specialises in the stupid, the pathos of one kind of stupidity which is lack of brains or information, set against the malignancy of stupidity which knows only what it does not want. These stories tell a hackneyed tale whose novelty is in the laconic manner.

IN St. Anne's, Soho, is buried a king who crops up in all general knowledge papers, whose epitaph was written with all Horace Walpole's malice: "Theodore, King of Corsica, who died in this Parish Dec. 11th, 1757, immediately after leaving the King's Bench Prison by the benefit of the Act of Insolvency; in consequence of which he registered his Kingdom of Corsica for the use of his creditors." It is quite true. The impoverished Baron von Neuhoff did make this absurd gesture with all the comic presumption of one who had been brought up in the Court of Versailles without ever being able to afford the pace of it; and having served or worked with men like Goertz, Charles XII. of Sweden, Peter the Great, the Stuart Pretender, Alberoni and Rakoczi the Hungarian, in European intrigue, he did end in a tailor's attic in Great Chapel Street. Versailles ruined what was after all a mediocre roué; and his final misfire adventures among Corsican blood feuds are farcical. In Miss Valerie Pirie's biography, *His Majesty of Corsica* (Collins; 18*s.*), Theodore inevitably sinks, overpowered by the more remarkable background of the period.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

Early spring and Easter brides who are already planning colour schemes, weighing the merits of lamé and satin, and taking an interest in the press wedding pictures, will be in their element in the model gown department of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. Here they will find assistance if they want it, inspiration if they need it, and originality whether they need it or not. The gown in the picture is made in ivory satin; the embroidery, in silver lined beads, diamanté and pearls, outlines a yoke and makes a narrow panel down the centre front. From the side, tucks radiate towards the centre back, and there is a dainty self girdle tying in a small bow at the back. The train is in one with the skirt. The back, then, has its interest no less than the front—a fact which will be appreciated by the wedding guests, who after all, often get their best view of the bride as she stands at the altar

For Their Majesties' Courts

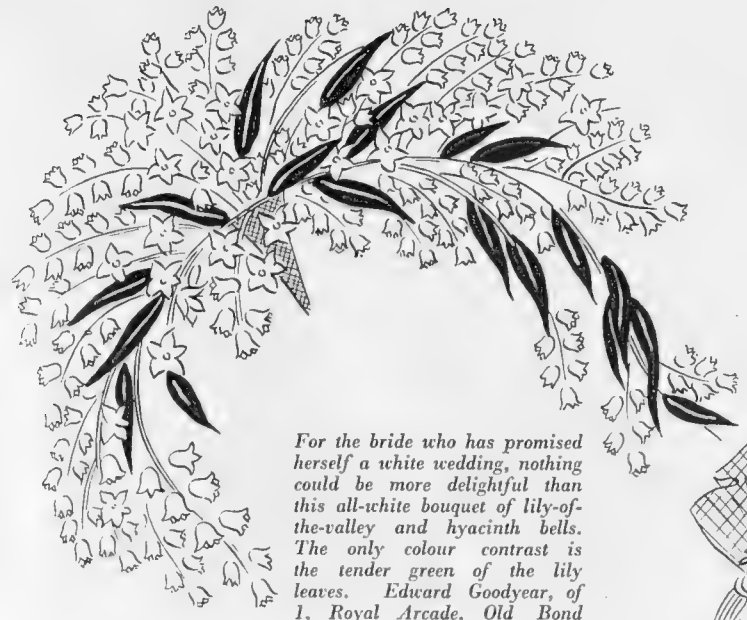
Their Majesties will hold five Courts at Buckingham Palace this year: on Thursday, March 9; Wednesday, March 15; Thursday, March 16; Wednesday, July 12, and Thursday, July 13. To these will be summoned ladies whose application involves the presentation of a debutante, a married daughter or a daughter-in-law

Scott Bushe

THEIR MAJESTIES' First Court will be held on Thursday, March 9—just one month ahead. But it is certainly not too early to begin considering colours, materials, styles. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have some delightful presentation gowns already in their showroom. For the debutante they show delicate pastel colours, as well as the traditional white. These are in delightfully young styles, and many are bead-embroidered. The full-skirted shape is a favourite, and there are some panniered models. For the woman who may be presenting a daughter, Marshalls have gowns of great elegance and simplicity. The one in the picture is made in a heavy satin that is ice-blue and yet softly grey. A lovely, subtle colour, which would flatter a grey head or contrast delightfully with a dark one. (Incidentally, Marshalls dressed the model's hair for this occasion.) The heavy satin and the simple lines give the frock a clear-cut look, but any apparent severity is softened by the train, which is underlined with ruched chiffon. Leaf-embroidery in silver beads, small silver bugles, and fine diamanté make a one-sided trimming to the frock, and the same line is repeated on the train

the bystander turns in search of novelties

discovered by peta pictured by pam



For the bride who has promised herself a white wedding, nothing could be more delightful than this all-white bouquet of lily-of-the-valley and hyacinth bells. The only colour contrast is the tender green of the lily leaves. Edward Goodyear, of 1, Royal Arcade, Old Bond Street, will make you a bouquet like this one for £3 3s.

Spring flowers for the Spring Courts. Edward Goodyear suggests this horseshoe bouquet for the debutante. It is specially light in weight, easy to handle, and guaranteed not to endanger the most nervous curtsey. Only spring blossoms are used, among them freezias, iris, tulip, and prunus blossom. Gathered into a garland and artlessly tied with delicate green tulle for £2 2s. Other debutante bouquets from £1 1s.

A careful, studied coiffure, and yet one which will not be ageing, is required for such formal events as a wedding or presentation. Here Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, have designed one which is gay and youthful and yet perfectly suited to the formality of Court feathers, and the daintiness of the bridal veil. The sketches show front and back views of the coiffure and its effect with bridal and Court head-dresses

Charles E. Brown

The Bristol Channel ferry passing Flat Holm, which is midway between Cardiff and Weston-super-Mare. The Straight Corporation controls the airport at Weston and transports thousands of passengers to and from South Wales

This Freedom of the Air

By Charles Ward

Civil or Service

THE freedom of the air, even in one's own country, is a myth. It is hedged with rules and regulations, designed partly to prevent the individual from doing damage to himself, but mostly to enforce Government control over something which fulfils a dual purpose. Aviation has provided, at one and the same time, a process for making war and another for promoting peace. The same aircraft, or one with slight modifications, can be used for either purpose. There seems only one peaceful solution to the problem of separating the two—we who lead those countries which control everything that is needed for material welfare in this world must become so strong in the air that we can guide the movements of the other nations. This means developing civil aviation side by side with that for defence, until a point is reached where we can impose the will for peace on the others. In the process, we must give as well as take. There must be the same freedom in the air as there is on the sea. Aircraft engaged on peaceful journeys must be given free passage to any country. It is a counsel of perfection, very difficult to achieve in practice, but it seems the only alternative to war. To-day's fear of death by bombardment from the air must be eliminated.

THE turning-point has not yet been reached. To-day's signs and portents indicate still more restrictions. General Franco's veto on our proposed air line to South America has been followed by a change of plan by the French. The capture of Barcelona has necessitated a call at Perpignan instead of the Catalan port, and the danger of being involved in an air battle whilst flying from France to North Africa has increased. Passenger bookings may be cancelled until times are more normal. Interference with the regularity of civil air transport, and the refusal of facilities over territory where war is raging, must be expected. Our official attitude towards the Nationalists in Spain will not lead to an easy resumption of the scheme for a South American route. Italy and Germany have such influence with Spain that their lines may profit by a victory for General Franco. We need larger flying-boats or at least half-a-dozen four-engined landplanes to get round Spanish territory without risk to personnel and the mails. The same difficulties have been experienced in the Far East, where British, French, and Americans have had to run the gauntlet of Japanese obstruction. Only last week two Imperial Airways' liners were fired on by Japanese warships whilst flying from Hong Kong to Hanoi. The countries that desire peace must establish a lead, which they do not at present possess, over those which have everything to gain by war, otherwise such incidents will increase in number.

Brassai

Mrs. J. E. Richardson, 100,000th passenger by Air France in 1938, being welcomed at the Hotel George V. by M. Costa de Beauregard, on behalf of the company, and M. Benazet, air expert in the French Senate, on the right

OUR own extension of Empire and European air lines awaits the delivery of suitable aircraft. Far too little attention has been paid to the needs of the civil air arm, and in consequence we are very much behind the modest schedule drawn up for 1939. Imperial Airways' staff performed wonders with the Christmas mail—more than 1,150,000 miles were flown during December — but in the process aircraft had to be chartered, and the R.A.F. took a hand by operating from Plymouth to Penang and Alexandria to Kenya and Iraq. The fault lies mainly with the Air Ministry, which has had too little influence with the Treasury to make sufficient money available for our needs. A sense of proportion must be retained, but what is the use of developing roads, railways, docks, harbours, agriculture, and a dozen other things that receive direct or indirect subsidies, if the primary industry on which our safety depends is starved ?

AT Hamble last year, Air Service Training carried out ten times as much flying as in 1931, when the school commenced operation. Forty-eight pilots and lecturers are on the permanent staff. A Link Trainer is in use for R.A.F. purposes, and of the large fleet no fewer than seven are multi-engined aircraft, including an Airspeed "Envoy" and two "Avalons." Overseas students were representative of twenty-one different countries. Hamble-trained personnel are always in great demand, and their main difficulty, after passing out, is to decide which offer of a post to accept. Flight-Lieut. Pope, D.F.C., received the A.F.C., and Flight-Lieut. Jenkins was promoted to Squadron-Leader, R.A.F. Reserve, during the year.

Danielle Loder at Megève, with Her Godmother, Danielle Darrieux, and Her Parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Loder

Plenty to say about the smiling group above: that Mr. and Mrs. John Loder (she is Micheline Cheiral, the French actress) called their daughter Danielle and made Danielle Darrieux parraine; that Loder and Danielle Darrieux played the leads in "Katia," for which their snow scenes were shot last year at St. Moritz; that John Loder is just returned to England and starts this week on "Peace in Our Time" at Denham, a topical film in which Rex Harrison and Valerie Hobson share leads with him. The picture was taken at Megève, up-and-coming resort in Savoy. Danielle Loder is nine months old

Celebrities at High Altitudes

Prince and Princess of Monaco at Gstaad

In Oberland snow were fifteen-year-old Prince Rainier Louis Henri Maxence Bertrand Goyon-de-Matignon-Grimaldi of Monaco and his eighteen-year-old sister, Princess Antoinette Louise Alberte Suzanne. The boy is heir through his mother to the most cosmopolitan realm in the world; they both have a quarter Scottish blood through their grandmother, a Douglas-Hamilton

Lord and Lady Erne at Davos

In Grisons snow were Irish Lord Erne and his wife, who is a daughter of Lord Lytton; he pretended to fix her ski for the sake of a photographic pose. At Davos they saw Englishmen finish first and second in the European Skating Championship *(see "Sportfolio," page 213)*

American Challengers for the National

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Stoddard were photographed on arrival at Southampton on the Aquitania. Mr. Stoddard is a well-known American amateur rider, and intends to challenge for the Grand National at Aintree; his mount, Milano, an eight-year-old trained by I. Anthony, is entered under his wife's name

A Hunting Honeymoon for the Master

Mr. Stephen Player, Master of the Craven Hounds, took his bride to Berkshire for a hunting honeymoon. She was Jean Loder before their wedding last week, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Loder (for a picture of the wedding, turn to page 184). Mr. Player took over the Craven Mastership from Mr. F. W. Rickett last year

A Change in th

At the annual meeting of the Grove Hunt it was announced that the joint-Masters (above) would part company. Major Brian Tinker, who has ruled the Hunt with Miss Angela Kayser since 1937, is to retire; Miss Kayser will continue alone next season, and will hunt the country five days a fortnight

Sportfolio : Taking Air and Exercise at Home and Abroad

The Essex P.G.U. 27-holes Mixed Foursomes at Boyce Hill

C. Denny and Miss Syme (Thorpe Hall) won the Essex foursomes last week with a return of 71+40=111. They beat Mrs. Hepworth and E. Barker by half a stroke

Two more players at the Boyce Hill Club (South Benfleet) were R. de L. Wheeler and Mrs. N. W. Iorns, an Ilford pair. They are seen at the first tee

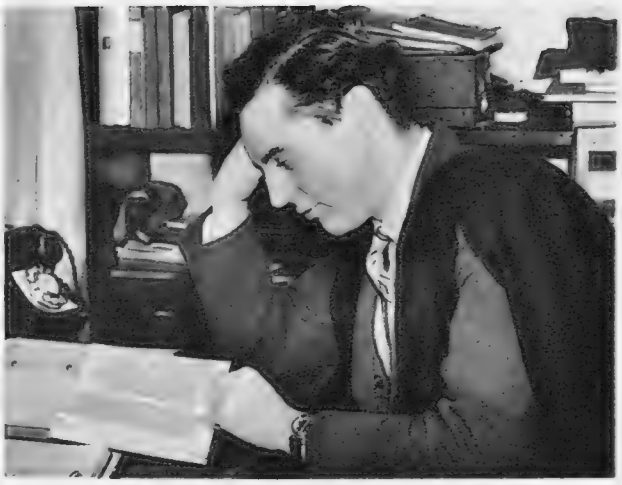
Triple Champion

Jean Nicoll, sixteen-year-old junior lawn tennis champion, has won both the senior and junior table tennis championships, one at Wembley and the other at the Albert Hall. She is the first to do so

rove Hunt

The President at Work

A bright photographer penetrated into Jesus College, Cambridge, to take photographs of the Boat Race crew at work and not at play. It was Fairbairn of Jesus who originated the famous river phrase "Don't let your work interfere with your rowing," but this doesn't worry A. Burrough, C.U.B.C. President



The Stroke at Work

E. B. N. Mitchell, who has been stroking the trial eight, is also of Jesus, and reads for the same tripos as Burrough—the General—a course designed for very hard workers only: as the picture caption says: "Here he is busy preparing for his career." The chapter heading is "How to Make Juleps"

Engelberg retained the Jackson Curling Cup by beating St. Moritz by 29—12 in the final at St. Moritz, after a great recovery to win 26 of the last 28 stones. The team (right) was John Robertson (skip in Sir J. Jarvis's absence), Robert Mackintosh, D. B. Jarvis, and John McCulloch

Jackson Cup Winners, 1939

Cruft's President and One of His Nork Family

The president of Cruft's Show (Agricultural Hall, to-day and to-morrow) is Mr. Nigel Colman, also president of the National Horse Association, the Hackney Horse Society, and the Royal Counties Agricultural Society, and M.P. for Brixton. With him is Nimrod of Nork, a six-months-old Labrador retriever

European Figure-Skating Champion

H. Graham Sharp, who was unlucky to come second last year to Felix Kaspar, this year won the European figure-skating Championship at Davos. Second to him came another Englishman, Freddy Tomlins

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Looking Ahead

THE championship committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews has announced that the amateur championship of 1940 will be played on the course of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers at Muirfield, and that the open championship of 1940 will take place on the course of the Birkdale Golf Club at Southport. The qualifying rounds of the open championship will be played on the courses of the Birkdale G.C. and the Southport and Ainsdale G.C.

The open championship was played at Muirfield as long ago as 1892, when Harold H. Hilton, Royal Liverpool G.C., won with a score of 305. The open championship of 1892 was the first occasion on which entry money was imposed, and also the first occasion on which the championship was decided over seventy-two holes: previously it had been decided over thirty-six holes. Whether it was due to the imposing of entry money or not I cannot say, but the entry of 1892 numbered sixty-six, against an entry of eighty-two the previous year. The charging of entry money may well have been responsible for the smaller number of entrants, especially as up to this date the open championship had always been played in Scotland. The first open championship was played in England in 1894, on the course of the Royal St. George's G.C., when the great John Henry Taylor won his first open championship. Taylor won again the next year at St. Andrews, a course many were of the opinion would not suit him. Nevertheless he won, and in doing so shocked and enraged the natives by pitching when they considered that the correct and proper shot was a run-up. I was some years ago prowling round the town of St. Andrews, when I came across a picture outside a pawnshop. It depicted John Henry Taylor with his ball in a cart-rut in the road at the seventeenth hole. How much Taylor's method of playing the Old Course hurt the feelings of true Scottish golfers is clearly shown by the title of this picture. It read: "The Westward Ho! Wizard Will Now Pitch."

NEXT year the open championship will be played for the first time on the course of the Birkdale G.C. That the course of the Birkdale G.C. is worthy of such an important event very few, if any, will deny. The present course of the Birkdale G.C. is situated on ideal golfing country to the south of the town of Southport. A few years ago extensive alterations to the course were carried out, and several new holes constructed on virgin soil, to bring it up to the standard required at the present time, when the game is played with a ball which, under favourable conditions, makes holes of 384 yards a drive and a putt, and with clubs which make bad shots into good ones.

The course measures 6735 yards, and has four one-shot holes (golf courses used to have at least four short holes: many of the one-shot holes of the present day cannot possibly be called short), which come at the fourth, seventh, thirteenth and seventeenth holes.

The course has been designed in two loops of nine holes each, with the eighteenth green in front of the windows of the clubhouse, and with the ninth green just over one hundred yards from it. The thirteenth green is also close to the clubhouse, so lazy spectators can see quite a lot of play without going any great distance from their main base.

Birkdale provides really big golf, not unlike that supplied at Royal St. George's, with huge sandhills to be either carried or skirted, and it certainly favours the strong player.

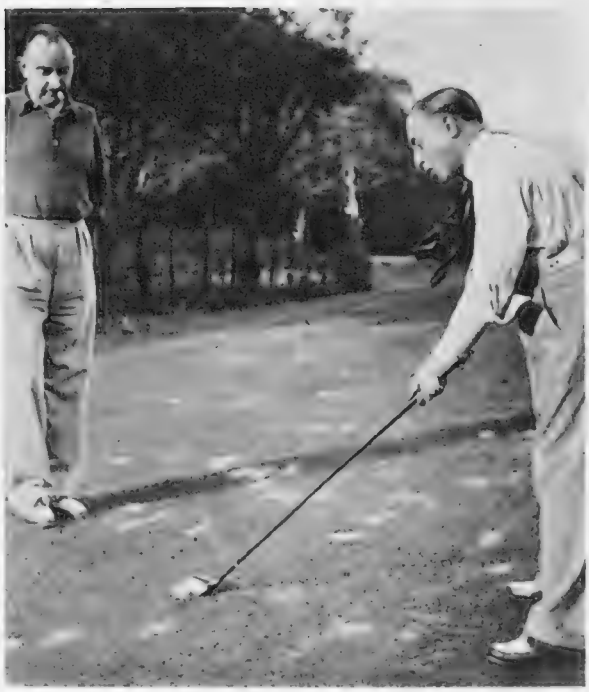
The English ladies' championship was played on the new course at Birkdale in 1935, shortly after this course came into play. It resulted in a win for that very good lady golfer, Mrs. M. Garon, who defeated the unlucky Miss Elsie Corlett in the final at the thirty-eighth hole. Dreadful weather was experienced in this championship; it was so bad that one competitor retired after playing a few holes, and gave her opponent the match.

BIRKDALE saw a most thrilling finish to the Dunlop-Southport tournament of 1935. Henry Cotton required a three at the last hole to tie with Charles Whitcombe. The last hole at that time was the fourth hole of to-day, and measured 212 yards. A supporter of Cotton suggested to him that he should play deliberately into the crowd at the back of the green. Cotton naturally treated this suggestion with contempt, pushed his tee-shot out, and finally hit his putt to tie straight into the hole, only to see the ball pop out again and look at him.

Whether there is a tie or not in the open championship of 1940, there are certain to be many thrills and much excitement.

Some may complain that there are too many plateau greens and too many tees on the top of mountains, but all must admit that Birkdale is a grand course, and a severe and fair test of the game.

The English championship is to be played at Birkdale next April, and should be a useful dress rehearsal for the open championship of next year.



***Mr. G. A. Wilde, M.C.,** addressing the ball, is president-elect of the society of one-armed golfers, and founder of one-armed golf tournaments. This year the one-armed championship will be played at Lundin Links, Fife, on June 12th-16th. With Wilde is Squadron Leader Bushell, another well-known "one-armer." Both are members of Pinner Hill, and both were taught by J. B. Batley, the local professional*

***Oxford** won its first club match this season when they beat West Hill by 9—7. W. H. Gibson (Trinity) and R. O. Wynn (Jesus) were both playing for their university; the former lost his single, the latter halved*

***Snow** was on the ground, but did not hinder play at West Hill, nor could T. C. Harvey blame it for this wet lie—he is in the brook at the third hole*

This England . . .

Sussex—from the Downs nr. Lewes

THE noblest of the land, it seems, enjoy a game of darts. Yet this is no new thing. Of the 12th century it is recorded that among the amusements of the Englishman was "the casting of stones, darts and other missive weapons." So much so that Edward III, fearing neglect of practice at the long-bow, forbade them. But we are still at it, with coconut shies and bowls (even the cricket ball is in some sort missive) and once again—our darts. For eyes to-day are as keen as those that could split a peeled wand in Sherwood Forest or loose that deadly shower at Agincourt. And when the last "double" is thrown, to call for Worthington is itself in the old tradition—for this is the beer that Englishmen drank ere ever they taught the world their games.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

Empire Goods

By Eleanor E. Helme

Empire Golf — Australia

At the Emerald Country Club, Melbourne, golfers, between rounds, sit idly on their verandah in the high summer sunshine. On the left of this group is Miss Kitty McEwan, an active games journalist in Australia. She was a "Bystander" foursomes competitor in 1934, while in England on a visit

OSTENSIBLY, the agenda for the annual general meeting of the Ladies' Golf Union to-morrow (February 9th) is peaceful to the point of dullness. Actually, there is one item as important as any that meeting has ever had to face: "To discuss any suggestions for raising money for the international match funds"—which boils down to whether international golf shall go on or be dropped. For, turning to the balance-sheet, one finds the ominous statement, under the heading "Women Golfers' International Match Fund": "excess of expenditure over income, £1181 8s. 10d." That is the plain truth about 1938, an ugly fact which nothing can explain away. Of course, last year there was the out-match against U.S.A., which only happens once in four years, and was responsible for £754-odd; also £273-odd for hospitality to the South African team which toured Great Britain. One hundred and five pounds for the annual match against France is the normal figure, whichever side of the Channel the match is played.

But the net result is that the international match fund is fast heading for bankruptcy. From invested capital, it has an income of less than £20 per annum, augmented by a problematical £50 from donations and gate money, to meet an annual average expenditure amounting to about £700 per annum. The fund has only some £700 in the bank: something drastic must be done.

THE first reaction of the casual listener to these figures will probably be that this is not the time to raise or spend big sums on golf; that clubs who are feeling the pinch of restricted play and green-fees through world unrest and exceptional weather conditions are in no position to pay increased subscriptions to the L.G.U., which would be the obvious way to place and keep the international match fund on a sound basis. Some will doubtless add that you can't expect small clubs, who will never produce an international golfer, to take any interest; and others that still less can you expect impecunious individuals, who do not even afford caddies for themselves, to put their hands into almost empty pockets so that somebody much better off than themselves can go and have a good time.

BUT to thoughtful people those arguments miss the real significance of international golf. Instead of this being the wrong moment to spend in that direction, it should be the very time to realise, as we never have before, what international friendship and,

(*Concluded on page* iv)

MORRIS RECORD SALES are the finest

ASSURANCE POLICY when buying a car

On the goodwill of each separate owner, Morris have built the greatest sales the British car industry has ever known. This goodwill, spread sincerely by word of mouth, by obvious enthusiasm in the car, has become—in its cumulative effect—the soundest guide and assurance policy for to-day's car buyer. New or used, it proves that you get finer value, performance, economy and features in a Morris.

PEOPLE TALK-that's the foundation of MORRIS success!

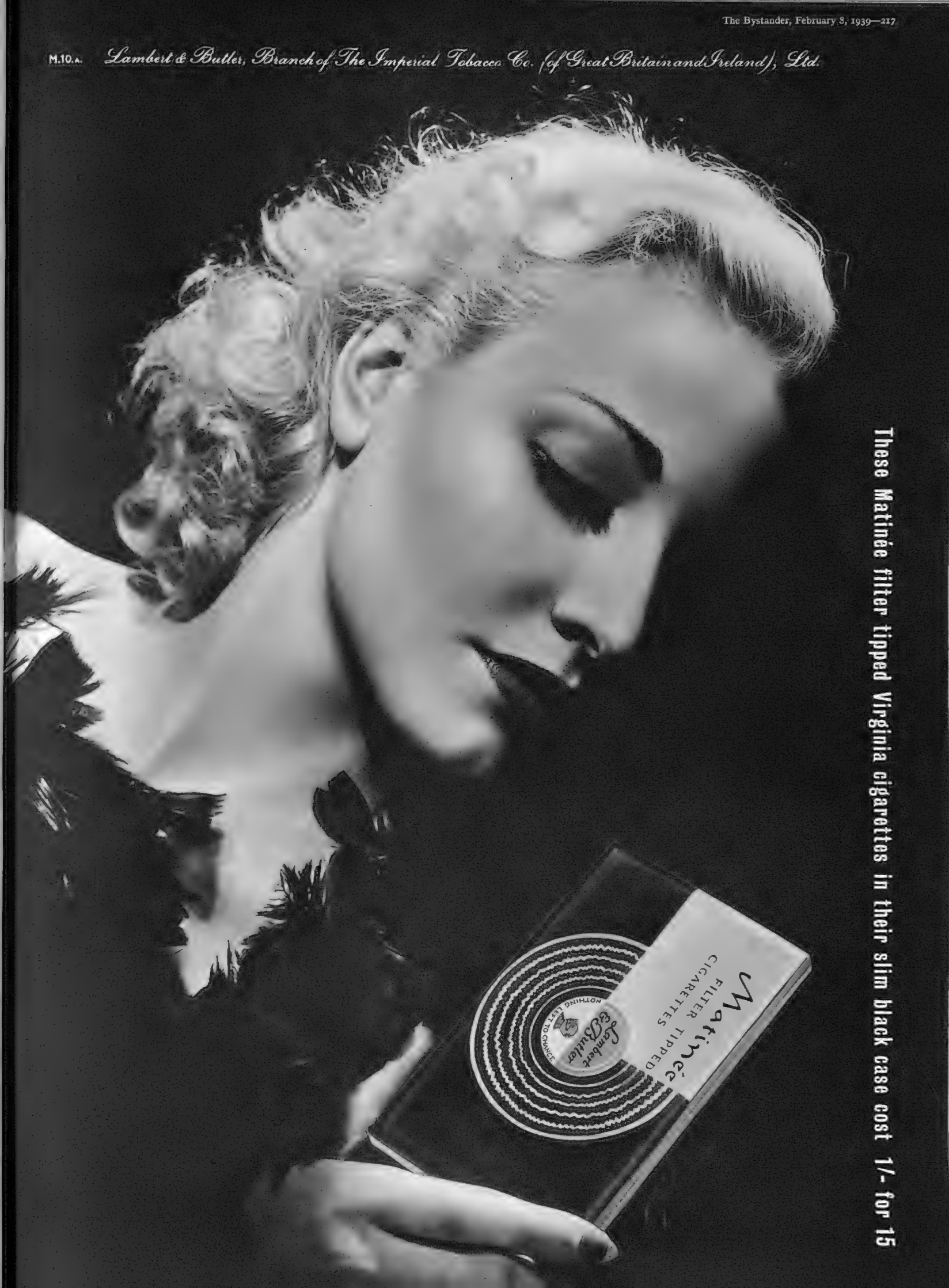
O.H.V. TWENTY-FIVE 6-cyl.
SALOON, *Sliding Head* £320 COUPÉ £345
Jackall Hydraulic Jacks included
Tax £18.15 *Prices ex works*

IF YOU DON'T BUY MORRIS AT LEAST BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD

Sole Exporters: Morris Industries Exports Limited, Cowley, Oxford, England M.350

M.10.A. Lambert & Butler, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.



These Matinée filter tipped Virginia cigarettes in their slim black case cost 1/- for 15

YOU CAN RELY ON SUNSHINE IN

ESTORIL

The first requisite of an enjoyable holiday is abundant sunshine. In Estoril you can count on six to eight hours of warm, golden sunshine every day. The air has a stimulating Atlantic tang and the climate is remarkably even and gentle.

But the constantly increasing popularity of Estoril is based on more than pleasant weather. Located only 14 miles from Lisbon, in peaceful Portugal, it boasts of complete equipment for all outdoor sports, including one of the Continent's finest 18-hole courses, numerous tennis courts and an indoor swimming pool. A modern thermal establishment is at the disposal of those who come for a healthful rest. Amusements are plentiful—a Casino with cinema, concerts, dancing, roulette and baccarat, theatres—and the excellent hotels and comfortable boarding-houses offer delightful, though inexpensive, accommodation.

Average temperature in Winter : 54°F.
Average of 6 to 8 hours of sunshine daily in Winter

CLIMATOLOGIC STATION OF MONTE ESTORIL
UNDER TECHNICAL SUPERVISION OF THE CENTRAL METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY

TEMPERATURE (MEAN) : 1935 : 60.87 ★ BRIGHT SUNSHINE : 1935 : 3204.47
» » 1937 : 61.43 » » 1937 : 2971.46

YEAR 1938	Mean. M + m / 2	Maximum Mean.	Minimum Mean.	Solar radiation Mean.	Bright-sunshine h. m.	Sea water Mean.
WINTER (Dec.-Feb.)	52.77	58.98	46.54	90.77	526.09	55.7
SUMMER (June-August)	68.85	76.82	60.90	126.07	1119.46	61.6

Cruise from London : 2½ to 3 days. Rotterdam Lloyd guarantee visitors to Portugal homeward accommodation.
Price :
1st cl. £12 .. with return £18. 2nd cl. £7 .. with return £11.

Trains run daily from Lisbon-Paris and Paris-Lisbon. Daily Air Service to all parts of Europe

For information: Sociedad Propaganda da Costa do Sol, Dorland House (Telephone: Whitehall 0112), 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.1, or Sociedad Propaganda, Estoril, Portugal.

ESTORIL
Sun and sports

***Daimler:** this smart streamlined two-door, fixed-head coupé has carrosserie by Corsica coachworks, built for Stratstone*

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE annual general meeting of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club, as usual, provided a number of interesting suggestions by the members and promises by the organisers. As one who has continually bemoaned the almost entire elimination of Mountain Circuit races in an unsuccessful effort to popularise a circuit far less suited to meet the demands of Brooklands spectators, I was delighted to hear the Clerk of the Course promise that at least one "Mountain" race will feature in each B.A.R.C. meeting during the coming season.

A measure of support was also accorded the speaker, who suggested that a long-distance sports-car race round the Mountain Circuit should be promoted. Personally, I think that such an event would be extraordinarily interesting and would be well supported alike by entrants and by the public.

Freddy Dixon proposed that a number of scratch races for each international class might be run during the season, and, supporting this idea, A. V. Ebblewhite, the handicapper, crystallised the idea into a series of Brooklands championships—one for each international class, blown and unblown—to be run off at a couple of special evening meetings in the summer. Another suggestion from Ebblewhite was the introduction into Brooklands car-racing of aggregate marks for all finishers on similar lines to those markings used in motor-cycle racing at the track, the idea being to encourage those who consistently run well without actually winning. He suggested grading down the positions somewhat as follows: For a win, ten marks; second, nine marks; third, eight marks, and so on, down to tenth place, with prizes for best aggregate performances at the end of the season. Broadly, I like this idea, but I should prefer to see it operate from third place only, as the winner and runner-up generally have their reward in other ways!

Robin Jackson suggested that for all sports-car races only fuel of a standard grade, such as the public can buy from wayside pumps, should be allowed, and I salute the wisdom of this suggestion, for such a rule would go far towards undoing those astute gentry who juggle with compression ratios and effect other near-standard modifications. I did not, however, quite see the force of Jackson's plea for starting Campbell Circuit races in the Old Finishing Straight and in the same direction as Mountain races, with the cars turning left on meeting the home banking. In the first place, I think the stampede for the Members' Hill Turn on the Campbell Circuit by a number of competitors starting off together is the best thing from the spectators' point of view about such races, and this thrill would be eliminated.

Again, as Percy Bradley pointed out, there is always a tendency for a driver strange to a course to believe that he has to repass his starting-point on each lap. From my own point of view, as announcer, my Campbell Circuit microphone is placed immovably in a position covering the present start and finish, but is incapable of covering a start such as that suggested. Mr. Jackson's plea was advanced on behalf of those competitors who have to have a push-start, but, again, I beg to differ as to the advantage of his suggestion, as such competitors would be faced by an uphill grade soon after the start if it were adopted.

For the rest, the meeting dealt mainly with such parochial subjects as a club Christmas card and certain facilities for members.

WELL, Symons and his companion, Browning, have won through with that sort of dogged refusal to acknowledge defeat which we like to believe to be typically British. Both they and the Wolseley Company may well be proud of their achievement.

To drive an 18-85 h.p. Wolseley from London to Cape Town, a matter of 10,290 miles, in thirty-two days, is, indeed, a feat, but when the proceedings have been enlivened by steering over the side of a bridge into a stream some fifty feet below, and then salving the battered car, and winning through, no ordinary congratulations suffice.

Pursuivant

ONE feels a pardonable pride on stepping into this sleek and handsome limousine—a faithful attendant of unfailing reliability, whose suave and distinguished appearance masks boundless power and swift acceleration.

The possession of a Wolseley car is as plain evidence of one's standing as was the shield before a pavilion at the Cloth of Gold.

And with distinction comes a degree of comfort instanced in innumerable luxury features—which has been judged on more than one occasion as being ahead of any other cars in Europe.

£775 *ex works.*
Wolseley Motors Ltd. standardise Dunlops, Triplex, and Jackalls.

A 25 h.p. Wolseley Limousine was awarded the much coveted **GRAND PRIX d'HONNEUR**—the highest award in the Concours de Confort at the Monte Carlo Rally this year—a distinction which is only given to luxury cars of exceptional merit and which Wolseley now achieve for the 3rd year.

Buy wisely—buy
Wolseley
British by Birth and Breeding

Wolseley cars are manufactured by Wolseley Motors Ltd., at Ward End, Birmingham, 8; distributed in London by Eustace Watkins Ltd., of Berkeley St., W.1; and exported by M.I.E. Ltd., Oxford.
Longleys

The Face of a Saint

(Continued from page 194)

I gave the week-end you went to New York, so I *know*. Anna got talking to old Mr. Gordon. She doesn't know him, exactly—she 's just met him around. He collects pewter. So naturally he began talking to her about pewter. Anna said that at first he was quite interesting. Then, somehow or other, he mentioned Boston. And that was all right, too, because Anna knows oodles of people in Boston. And then he began telling her about the Parker House bar and how gay it used to be in the 'eighties. In the *'eighties*, mind you! Anna said she thought it was rather sweet of him trying to conjure up the whimsies of the Parker House bar in the 'eighties at a cocktail-party. Like trying to make ghosts materialise under a bridge lamp. But then, she said, all of a sudden it was like a whirlwind. He began to tell her about Paris."

"About Paris? What does he know about Paris?"

"He used to live there. He lived there two years. And Anna told me what he doesn't know about Paris isn't worth knowing. Things you wouldn't dream of. Well, she didn't know what to do. She couldn't stop him. She tried to get him back on pewter and she tried politics. But he wouldn't even discuss any President later than Harding. It seems he 's hipped on the subject of Harding. Thinks he was murdered. Anna says he 's really almost insane on the subject. And he 's so old he gets to repeating the same things over and over. But even that was better than Paris, and Anna was just feeling relieved about it all when he began talking a little too much about Harding."

She fixed Mrs. Chase with a significant glance. "You know what I mean. Well, the funniest expression came over his face. Anna said it was enough to give you the cold chills and *she* turned as red as a beet. Pretty soon she told him she had to go home. She said she had a headache. It was all very strange, if you ask me."

Mrs. Chase laughed. But her laugh was an uneasy one. "Really," she said. "This all sounds rather silly. All this to-do because I 've asked old Mr. Mortimer to lunch. I think he is a perfectly sweet old man, with his lovely white hair. And he has the kindest expression. No matter what you say, he *is* a perfect saint, the way he manages to keep so cheerful when all the time he must be feeling dreadful, crippled up with rheumatism."

"Old Mr. Gordon," Mrs. Foster put in, "is almost an invalid with arthritis. Take my word, little things like those don't stop them when they get going. *Nothing* stops them-!"

A door slammed somewhere in the rear of the house, and in a few seconds Bertha stood in the doorway. She was a large, raw-boned, efficient-looking girl. Mrs. Chase had hired her under the misapprehension that country girls are happier working in the country than city girls.

"Oh, Bertha!" Mrs. Chase said distractedly. "Good morning! Bertha, old Mr. Mortimer is coming for lunch, so will you call up the grocer? I left the list on the kitchen table. Just a cream-of-asparagus soup, baked eggs with cheese and milk, and some stewed fruit and cookies. And no pepper in *anything*! Mr. Mortimer isn't allowed any pepper. Leave the sherry in here. He likes a little sherry before his lunch. I asked him and he told me he did."

Adelaide Foster stood up briskly. "Well," she said, "I 'd better run along and let you dress."

"Do," Mrs. Chase agreed acidly. "I could kill you coming in here with all those stories. I won't be able to look old Mr. Mortimer in the face."

"Goodness!" Mrs. Foster exclaimed. "Now you 're making a mountain out of a molehill. It was just that when you said he was coming for lunch it struck me as being funny. After what I 'd heard, I mean."

She moved toward Mrs. Chase and patted her kindly on the shoulder. But her eyes took in every detail of Mrs. Chase's morning costume: the three-cornered tear in the faded rose-coloured dressing-gown, her careless mules, and the brown net which she wore nightly to hold her wave in place.

"Don't give it another thought," she said. "You know yourself, Alice, that you 're the sort of person to whom nothing ever happens."

THE END.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON
FEBRUARY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

How am I intended to construe that statement?

Super-fatted — containing valuable emollient fats — describes one of the most efficient shaving creams obtainable, Sir. I refer to Gibbs Super-fatted Shaving Cream, a small quantity of which produces a generous lather that maintains its rich creamy consistency until the last whisker has been vanquished. The skin is left cool, smooth and supple. The temper of the blade, as well as that of the shaver, becomes instantly more compatible if I may make a suggestion, Sir.

Ah! Excellent my boy-excellent!

GIBBS SUPER-FATTED SHAVING CREAM

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1.

GS6IL

CUSENIER's

LIQUEURS (36 kinds)

Offer guests the three below:

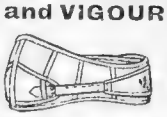
FREEZOMINT
The leading brand of
CRÈME de MENTHE
APRICOT BRANDY
CRÈME de CACAO

The Friend that never fails

Friend of the penniless, the young, the old, the sick, the friendless, the fatherless . . . The friend quietly waiting everywhere to help and cheer the unfortunate . . . The Salvation Army. Please remember the work it is doing — and help! Gifts and Enquiries welcomed by

GENERAL EVANGELINE BOOTH,
101, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4
THE SALVATION ARMY

For FIGURE and VIGOUR



WEAR A BETABELT

Gently correct surplus flesh in comfort with a self-adjusting BETABELT A1 MODEL
In attractive tea rose cotton web, with unbreakable supports (with FREE detachable Betagrip suspenders for ladies).
Postage 4d. extra 10/6 up to 42 ins. girth. A2 Model, elastic sides, 12/10
Send for self-measurement form to Dept. K10, 41 Lampton Rd., Hounslow

£1:13:9

For a friend in a foreign country or in the Colonies, there is no greater joy than to receive THE BYSTANDER every week—full of news and exciting pictures of home. For the modest sum above, our Publisher will dispatch for you for twenty-six weeks—no worry, no wrapper writing, no posting. Just write to

THE PUBLISHER, THE BYSTANDER, 32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

"BLACK & WHITE"

It's the Scotch!

World Renowned for Age and Quality

Empire Golf — India

Mrs. R. V. Baxendine, after winning the All-India Ladies' Championship, was presented with her trophy by Lady Brabourne, wife of the Governor of Bengal. Mrs. Baxendine beat Miss Eileen Homan 2 and 1 in the final at Royal Calcutta. She has been Champion of Natal, and runner-up in the South African Championship

Empire Goods

(Continued from page 216)

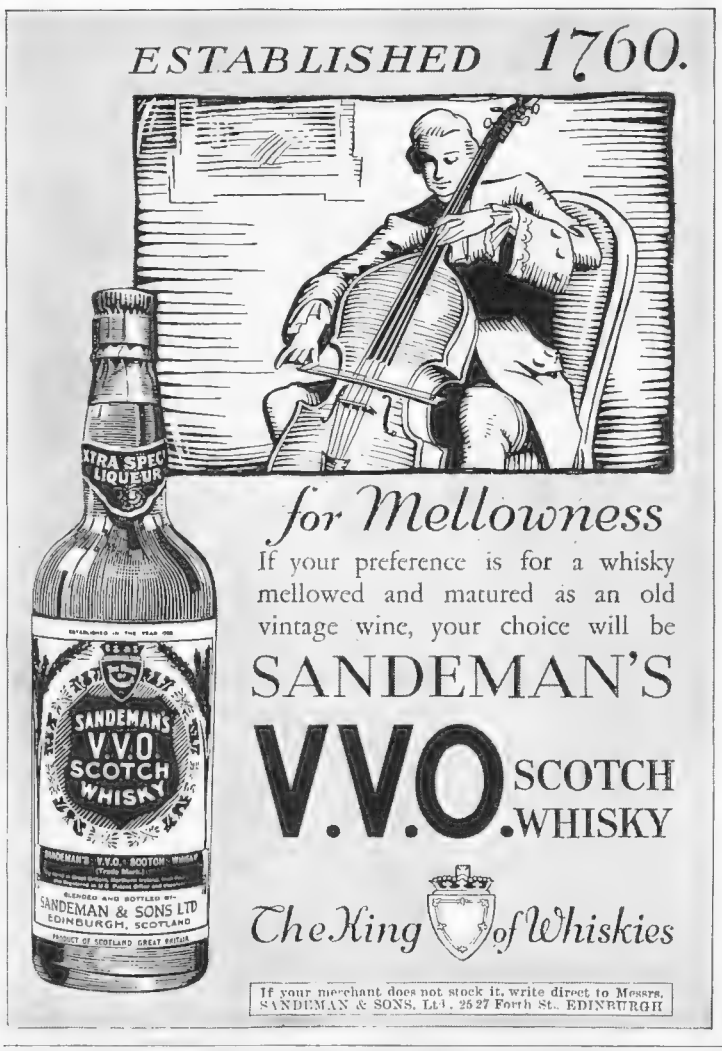
above all, ties of Empire mean. Now, if ever, we ought to be able to count on every member of the British Empire taking the wide view, and thinking not of their own petty little game, but of what any drop of cement means to the Empire and of friendship to the cause of world peace. If only every club could hear what those who have been on the tours—to South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Canada—have to say on the receptions given them; if they could hear what the clubs and individuals visited have to say on the value from an Empire point of view of such visits, they would see in a twinkling that to give up such tours, and the matches versus the U.S.A. and France, is unthinkable. If their value had been realised when first they were started, the needful capital would surely have been raised at once.

So the question becomes one of "How?" Now there are, on a rough but conservative computation, something like 100,000 individual members of the 1400 clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. Though clubs—as clubs—might threaten resignation if their affiliation fee were increased, surely no member could refuse to pay a levy of, say sixpence a year for the continuation of international golf? The emptiest pocket could hardly grudge that trifle. One hundred thousand sixpences are two thousand five hundred pounds. Even if treated as a sum to be spent, one year of sixpences would finance international golf until the end of 1941, even with a Dominion tour thrown in.

The sound plan, of course, would be to treat the sixpenny levy as capital, and to continue it until such time as the investments thus secured should by itself yield the necessary income for ever and ever. A capital of £25,000 would produce the needed £700 a year and a bit over. Well, the sixpenny levy would raise that amount in ten years, at the end of which time every member of the L.G.U. would have contributed five shillings! Five shillings for what? So that our own kith and kin in the Dominions may not feel themselves neglected by the golfers in this country, nor those of other nations fancy that we set no value by their friendship.

Till those ten years were completed, expenditure would, of course, go on. But there is £700 in the bank; there would still, let us hope, be donations and gate money. Perhaps a sufficiency of rich clubs might induce their players to put down their whole five shillings at once, not only earning exemption for themselves, but making sufficient investment possible to produce the ready cash for the next few years. We do not visit the U.S.A. again until 1942.

These are problems for good financial brains on the L.G.U. to tackle. Tackled they must be, while we players, for once in a way, look on the L.G.U. as a medium for patriotic joint action, not as a body to produce something, if only a handicap regulation, to suit our personal ends.



The Editor's Box

An Invaluable Guide

The South and East African Year Book and Guide is invaluable to anyone who has anything to do with the territories it covers. Trader, tourist, teacher or sportsman, all are catered for in the *Year Book's* pages. To pick at random from the excellently classified subject-matter, we find Ottawa preferences, principal hotels, diseases of stock, political history, fauna, representatives abroad and land laws. Added to the wealth of information is an atlas section by Bartholomew's, with sixty-four colour pages. Published by Sampson Low, Marston and Co. for the Union Castle Steamship Company, the 45th *Year Book* costs 2*s.* 6*d.*

A Centenary Ball

The centenary ball of the Newsvendors' Benevolent Institution (of which Charles Dickens was once president) will be held at the Albert Hall on March 20th. The ball is being organised on a large scale, with two bands, cabaret, running buffet; tickets are one guinea each and can be had from all agencies, the Albert Hall, or the Institution at 15, Farringdon Street, E.C.4. We recommend early bookings for a charitable occasion that promises to be one of the Spring's biggest.

A New Game—for Charity

At Swiss Cottage is the School for the Blind, run by the Royal London Society for teaching and training the blind; its patron is Queen Mary. It is one of the oldest and largest institutions for the blind in the kingdom, but it has come to a critical moment in its history, when £100,000 is essential for the building of a new home, workshops and factory.

To help in collecting this big sum, the School has devised a new animal game which is a special test of observation in breeds of dog. The game will be of particular interest to all dog-lovers, children or grown-ups. It takes the form of a competition, and there is a first prize of £45, and 200 consolation prizes; stamps, which cost a penny each, have to be stuck on a special card, and these can be obtained from the Secretary, School for the Blind, N.W.3. We strongly recommend you to apply at once for the competition particulars for the sake of amusement—and of charity.

A Correction

By a slip of the pen two pages of Megève snapshots were published last week (Feb. 1) under the heading "Swiss Snow Season." Megève, as the "Snow Holiday" pictures in the same issue made clear, is one of the best known resorts in the French Alps.

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—Wednesday, February 8, 1939. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

The ever pleasant background
Player's Please
In the breeze of the downs, the solitude of the study, or the glitter of the ball-room, accustomed fingers reach casually for the cigarette that provides the ever-pleasant background.
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES "MEDIUM" OR "MILD" CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN . 10 for 6d . 20 for 11½d
N.C.C.458A

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Hay Wrightson

Pat Clarke

Kathleen Rebe Curtis (Pat) Clarke, elder daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. H. Clarke, C.B.E., D.S.O., and Mrs. Eugenie Clarke, of The White House, Tonbridge, is engaged to Frank Herbert Hanson, only son of Colonel and Mrs. F. S. Hanson, of The Lodge, Alveston, Stratford-on-Avon

Pearl Freeman

Bridget Gardner

Is the elder daughter of the late Major R. M. S. Gardner and Mrs. Gardner, of 4, Norland Road, Clifton, Bristol; her fiancé is William Marcus Hampton, of Winchester College, son of the late W. Roberts Hampton and Mrs. Hampton, of Culver Lodge, Winchester

Bassano

Dorothy Miriam Chandler

Is the daughter of the late W. Gibbs Chandler and Mrs. Chandler, of Singleton Manor, Great Chart, Ashford, Kent; she is to marry Mervyn Ainslie Bompas, younger son of the late G. C. Bompas and Mrs. Haldane, of 63, Palace Gardens Terrace, W.8

Bassano

Peggy Shore

Margaret Lucile Shore, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. John Lintorn Shore, of Whalley House, near Frome, Somerset, is to marry Harold Dempster Rimmer, only son of the late Harold Rimmer and Mrs. Rimmer, of Oxton, Birkenhead

Catherine Bell

Biddy Mahony

Blanche Mary (Biddy) Mahony, elder daughter of the late Major J. S. Mahony and Mrs. Mahony, of 6, Lower Sloane Street, S.W.1, is engaged to Claude Reginald Tallon, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. James Tallon, of Rugby

Lenare

Verity Reade

Verity Mabel Lindsay Reade, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reade, niece of Crawfurd Antrobus, of Eaton Hall, Congleton, Cheshire, is engaged to Humphrey James Kynaston Jacques, youngest son of the late Rev. William Baldwyn and Mrs. Jacques, of Orlingbury Hall, Wellingborough

Navana

Elizabeth Mary Forbes-Sharp

Is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Stuart Forbes-Sharp, O.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Forbes-Sharp, of Nablus, Palestine; she has announced her engagement to Brian Sutton Downward, of Karachi, India, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Downward, of Beckenham, Kent

Pearl Freeman

Nuala Butterworth

Is the second daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. W. Butterworth, of Colligan House, Ryde, I.O.W., and is to marry at Ryde, on February 18th Henry Norman Brain, second son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Brain, of Woodstock, Rushall, Staffs.

Bassano

Patricia Aileen Prior

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Prior, of Carlton Lodge, Ipswich Road, Norwich; she is engaged to Charles Allix Eaton Hammond, son of Mr. and the late Mrs. C. R. A. Hammond, of Sprowston Grange, Rackheath, Norwich

Navana

Audrey Pamela Bazett

Is the second daughter of Col. and Mrs. Seymour Bazett, of Greenbank, Liphook, Hants., and is to marry Geoffrey Pryce Compton Lewis, second son of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Lewis, of The Old Manor House, Newton Blossomville, Beds.

Kay Vaughan

Kathleen Barker

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenward Barker, of Barford, Warwickshire; her fiancé is Hamilton Fulton, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fulton, of 87, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3

Tunbridge

Olive Catherine Booth

Is the only daughter of the late Dr. Ainslie Booth and Mrs. Booth, of 26, Lower Park, S.W.15, and is engaged to Dr. John Wood Clegg, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Clegg, of Holly Bank, Wilmslow, Cheshire

Johnson — Vorontzoff-Dachkoff

Gordon Hewlett Johnson, of Canada, and Earlscliffe, Bowdon, Cheshire, and Countess Tatiana Vorontzoff-Dachkoff, of Oxford, were married at Altrincham, Cheshire. The bridegroom is a nephew of the Dean of Canterbury, and an international ice-hockey player

Macleod — Judd

William Robert Macleod, son of the Rev. Roderick Macleod, D.D., and the Hon. Mrs. Macleod, of Glenaffaric, Tipperlinn Road, Edinburgh, and a nephew of Lord Glendyne, married Diana Mary Judd, daughter of Harold G. Judd, of 61, Redington Road, Hampstead, at St. Andrew's, Hampstead

Ruane — Penny-Craik

John Edward Ruane, of Ilford, Essex, the well-known Rugby player, and Helen Penny-Craik, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Penny-Craik, of Craig Castle, Rhynie, Aberdeenshire, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Chase — Atkins

Ramsay Gordon Martin Chase, son of the late Lieut.-Col. R. G. Chase and Mrs. Chase, of 36, Acacia Road, N.W.8, and Marian Lisbeth Atkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Atkins, of Teela, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Both bride and bridegroom are architects

Bennett — Bazley

Ronald Bennett, son of the late Rev. E. H. Bennett and Mrs. Bennett, of Kingston Warren, Wantage, Berks., and Rachel Bazley, sister of Sir Thomas Bazley, Bt., of Hatherop Castle, near Cirencester, were married at St. Nicholas, Hatherop. She is the daughter of the late G. S. Bazley and Mrs. Francis Cadogan

Aylmer — Alexander

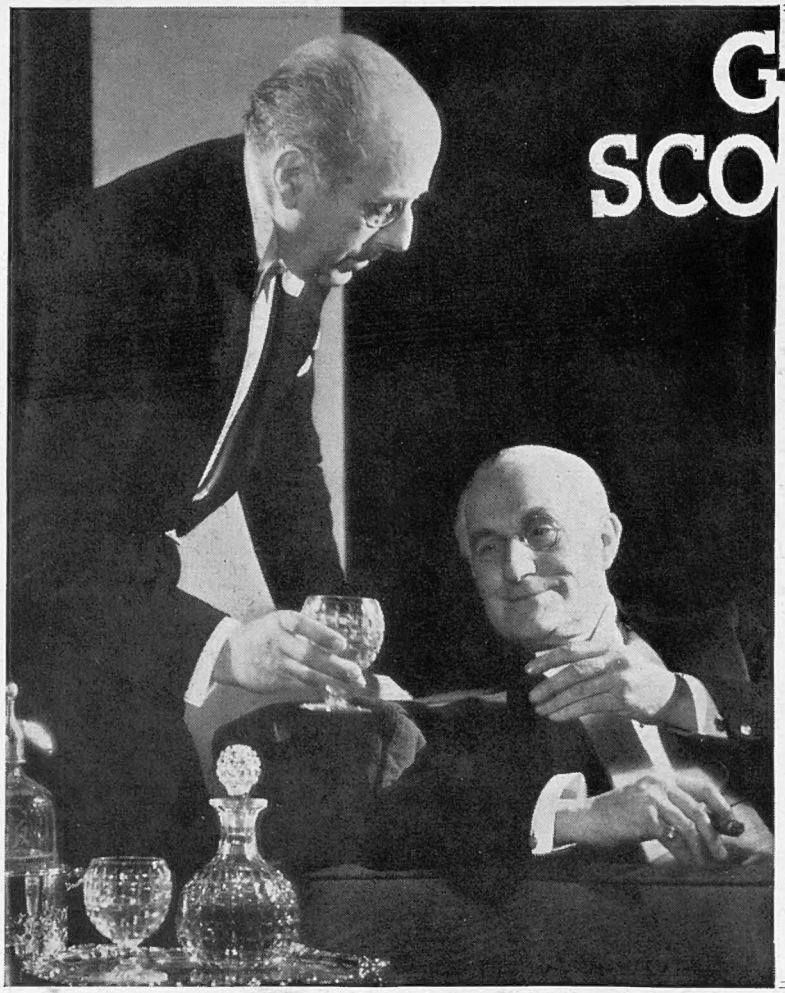
Colonel Richard M. Aylmer, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Aylmer, of Kerdiffstoun, Naas, Ireland, and Mona Alexander, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Conn Alexander, of Ragworth, Pebmarsh, Essex, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Gatty — Tower

Oliver Gatty, of Riversdale, Grantchester, elder son of the late Sir Stephen Gatty and Lady Gatty, of New Hall, Bodenham, Wilts., and 6, Lowndes Square, married Penelope Noel Tower, daughter of the Rev. H. Bernard and Mrs. Tower, of 6, Evelyn Gardens, S.W.3, at St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield

Humphrey Charles Gilbey Watney, son of the late Ernest J. Watney and Mrs. Watney, of 3, St. Andrew's Place, Regent's Park, and Frances Maude Terry, daughter of the late Canon George Terry and Mrs. Terry, of 11, Egerton Gardens, S.W.3, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Watney — Terry



GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY

Aged · Of Rare Mellowness · Subtle Bouquet · Distinctive ·

BY HOST · BY GUEST · BY ALL PREFERRED !

WM. GRANT & SONS LTD. - DISTILLERS - DUFFTOWN - SCOTLAND

London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch:—Messrs. Hedges & Butler, Ltd., Wine Merchants, 153, Regent Street, W.1.

BY APPOINTMENT

Henry Heath Ltd

105/9 Oxford Street

172 New Bond St W.1. 456 Strand W.C.2

Model 1274. Tall crowned Breton with satin bind and ornament. In all fashionable colours, 48/6. Agencies everywhere. Write for illustrated catalogue.

Fifty Years of Cruising

In 1889 the GARONNE sailed on the first Orient Line Cruise

In 1939 there will be seventeen Cruises

11 Cruises by ORCADES & ORION carrying 1st class only

6 Cruises by ORFORD carrying 1st & Tourist class

ORIENT LINE CRUISES

Please write or call or telephone for priced plans and particulars. Managers: Anderson, Green & Co., Ltd., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3. West End Offices: 14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1, and No. 1 Australia House, Strand, W.C.2. Telephones: MAN 3456 WHI 6981 TEM 2258 or Principal Agents

WELCOME ALWAYS
KEEP IT HANDY

GRANT'S
Morella
CHERRY
BRANDY

QUEEN'S-The Original
SPORTSMAN'S - Dry

"Helps so much in your home entertaining"

Whispers Little Lady Liqueur

SOW
Carters
TESTED SEEDS

GARDEN & LAWN
CATALOGUE FREE

RAYNES PARK,
LONDON, S.W 20

Carters TESTED SEEDS REGISTERED TRADE MARK

When you go to

PARIS
or
BERLIN

You are invited to make use of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS reading rooms where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops and the dispatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

PARIS: 65-67 Avenue des Champs Elysées
BERLIN: 32 Kurfürstendamm

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Temple Bar 3161.) Mon., Feb. 6th. 6.25 & 9. Mats., Sat. 2.30 HERMIONE BADDELEY & CYRIL RITCHARD and Co. in "Tit-Bits from *Nine Sharp*"; also Ronald Frankau, Tommy Handley, Mr. Murgatroyd & Mr. Winterbottom, Three Bo Brummels, Sam Barton, Four Bachelors, Jenny Jaegar.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tel.: Lonhotel Anvers.

FRANCE

Agay (near St. Raphael).—Hotel des Roches Rouges.—Fac. sea. Large pk. Free bus ser. to Valescure Golf. Full pens. fr. 11/- a day.

Beaulieu s/Mer—Between Nice and Monte Carlo.—**Bedford & Savoy Hotels.**—1st-class. Full South. Sea—Tennis—Garage—Park.

Cannes.–Hotel des Anglais.–Highest class, quiet residential hotel in large pk. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes. — Cavendish Hotel. — First-class family hotel; all comforts; full south. Near Casino and beach. Very moderate terms.

Cannes.–Htl. Grande Bretagne.–Sunny pk. Motor service, casino, golf, Bridge rm. Pen. terms fr. 12/6 & 15/-, or 4 gns. & £5 weekly.

Cannes.—Hotel "Les Sablons."—Croisette. Garden. Quiet. Cen. h. Bed. (h. & c.). First-cl. cuisine. 56/5 wk. incl. bd., service, taxes.

Cannes.—Hotel Mont Fleury.—
Large Park.
Manager: G. Tamme.

Cannes.—Hotel Regina.— First-class Family Hotel. Sunny park. Near Croisette and Tennis. Moderate terms.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis. Swim. Inc. fr. Frs. 120, with bth. fr. Frs. 140.

Menton. — Hotel Atlantic & Malte. — 1st class, yet moderate. Central and sunny in nice garden.

Menton.—Riviera Palace.—
Ideal Winter Residence.
25 acres of grounds and gardens.

Monte Carlo.-Hotel Bristol & Majestic.-200 rms. 80 bths. Facing sea. Bridge rm. & bar. Gar. for 20 cars in htl. Full bd. fr. Frs. 75 on.

Monte Carlo.–Le Grand Hotel.–350 rooms. 280 bathrooms. Entirely renov. Open all the year. Central. Opposite New Sporting Club.

Monte Carlo. — The Mirabeau. — A home away from home. Unrivalled situation. F. Schipper.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Prince De Galles.— Strictly First-class. Beautiful garden. Magnificent view Moderate terms.

Monte Carlo.–Hotel Terminus Palace.–1st cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gdns. Weekly terms incl. tips and tax fr. £4.4. With priv. bath £5.

Nice.–Atlantic Htl.–First-cl. 200 rms. Close to Sea and Casino. Own gar. Mod. terms. Con. headquarters for Riviera. Swiss man.

GERMANY

Bad Gastein.–Grand Hotel, Gasteinerhof.– Sunniest htl. 1st-cl. 180 bedrooms. Pens. from R.M. 9. Pat. by Eng. Soc. Open in Win. too.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen (Bavarian Alps).— **Park-Htl. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg. htl., best cen. sit. Ev. com. Pros. thro' Prop., Hanns Kilian.

GERMANY—*continued*

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.–The latest and most perfect Hotel building. Select home of International Society and Aristocracy

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Springs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. from Mks. 12.

SWITZERLAND

Arosa. — Valsana Sporthotel. — First class. Gay centre of Arosa. Original "Alaska saloon" Dancing. Inclusive terms

Davos.–Palace Hotel.–Nr. world-renowned Parsenn run. Strela Ski-lift. Rms. fr. S. Frs. 7. Full board fr. S. Frs. 17. W. Holsboer Man.

Grindelwald.—The Bear.—The gay Sports and Social Centre. Your Headquarters Inclusive terms from 16/-, including tea.

Grindelwald.—Regina Hotel Alpenruhe.— First-cl. Good value and personal attention. Pen. terms fr. 14/-. A. Bohren, Man. Propr.

Gstaad (Bernese Oberland).—**Grand Hotel Alpina.**–The Skiers' Paradise. 1st-class Htl. Won. sit. Terms fr. Frs. 14. E. Burri prop.

Gasatd-Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food and comft. Winter Sports. Band. Terms fr. Frs. 13 to 17.

Klosters-Parsenn (Switzerland)—**The Sport Hotel Silvretta** — for charm atmosphere and good company.

Lausanne.–Belvedere Hotel.–Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).–**Grd. Htl. Kurhaus.**– 1st cl. 200 beds. The leading Eng. htl. Sunniest pos. Every entertainment. Mod. terms.

Lenzerheide (Grisons) 5,000 ft.–**The Schweizerhof.**—Tradit. Eng. House. Cen. of Sports soc. life. Sea. Dec.-Mar. F. Brenn. Man. prop.

Pontresina (Engadine). — Schloss-Hotel. — Leading House. Headquarters of the visitors' Curling Clubs. Pension from Frs. 16.

St. Moritz.—Badrutt's Palace Hotel.— Host of the Elite.
Season till end of March.

St. Moritz.—Savoy Hotel.—1st-cl. fam htl., quiet cen. pos., lake view. Pens. S. Frs. 16. Att.: The Savoy Bar–Dancing; open all night.

Wengen.–Grand Hotel Belvedere.–1st class, every mod. comft., excellent cuisine. Bar, orchestra. Pension terms from 14/-.

Wengen.—The Palace. — "The best of the best." Inclusive terms from Frs. 18. F. Borter, Propr.

Zermatt.—For all Winter Sports.—**Hotel Victoria.** — (160 beds.) Inclusive terms from Frs. 15.

Zurich. — Hotel Bellerive au Lac. — Ideal in Winter. Restaurant. Famous Bar. Covered Tennis Court. Golf.

In wet damp weather your throat is especially susceptible to infection. Protect it with these luscious pastilles, which contain the fresh juice of ripe blackcurrants.

Allenburys
GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT
PASTILLES
FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d. & 1/3

PINTAIL
SHERRY

Sample Bottle 6/= Post Free

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON
PERTH — SCOTLAND
ESTABLISHED 1800

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Seventh Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

WESTON-SUPER-MARE

on March 18th and 19th, 1939

(Headquarters: The Grand Atlantic Hotel)

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Holder: R. H. Romyn (Bridlington G.C.)

• Conditions

Play will be for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes.

Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 18th.

When cards have been returned the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each.

The best two returns from the first quarter of the draw, the best two returns from the second quarter of the draw, and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap.

The first rounds will be played on the Saturday afternoon and the semi-finals and finals on the Sunday.

The remaining eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes, and if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide; and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in the competition proper on the Sunday, and there will be a Bogey Competition for those who have been defeated on the Saturday.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 18th will be posted to each competitor.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to this competition.

• Railway and Hotel

Arrangements for the Week-End

Railway:

No special tickets will be issued. The first-class monthly return from Paddington is 36/3.

Hotel:

Headquarters will be at the GRAND ATLANTIC HOTEL, where special terms for competitors have been arranged as follows:

From dinner on Friday night till afternoon tea on Sunday night—34/-.

From dinner on Friday night till breakfast on Monday morning—45/-, each inclusive.

These prices include room, bath, breakfast, luncheon, tea, and dinner.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be sent on the entry form published herewith to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, The Lea, Dogmersfield, Basingstoke, Hants.

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Grand Atlantic Hotel, Weston-super-Mare, by noon on March 17th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

ENTRY FORM • Entrance Fee 5/-

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

To be played at Weston-super-Mare on Saturday, March 18th and Sunday, March 19th

Entries close when the list is full or on March 4th

IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Surname..... Initials.....

Club..... Lowest Handicap.....

Address .....

.....

Telephone No.....

I shall be playing with..... in the qualifying round.

I require a partner for the qualifying round.
(Strike out one of these.)

I enclose a handicap certificate.

(Signed) .....

Do not send your entrance fee. It should be paid when you get your card at Weston-super-Mare G.C.